

THE LINCOLN READERS



FOURTH READER

DATE DUE

Julie Norton Nov. 27



THIS		BOOK
BELONGS		TO _____

SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH		
BLAIR & BENTLEY DRIVERS		
FAIRBANKS, ALASKA		

**THE
LINCOLN READERS**

THE LINCOLN READERS

Primer
First Reader
Second Reader

Third Reader
Fourth Reader
Fifth Reader
Sixth Reader

Seventh Reader
Eighth Reader

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THE LINCOLN READERS

FOURTH READER

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INTRODUCTION

The Choice of the Name. School Readers have frequently borne the name of the authors or publishers. A less common practice is to name the series in honor of some great leader whose ideals the authors seek to embody in their books. By their choice, the authors of the Lincoln Readers aim to honor both the name of Lincoln and the method by which he made himself a leader of men. Lincoln taught himself what few people have learned in school-rooms, to get thought deftly and accurately from printed pages, and to think clearly and straight.

The Objectives of Reading. The past few years have brought about great changes in the objectives of reading and of reading instruction. The older books have emphasized the traditional point of view, viz., mastery of the mechanics of reading; habits of good oral reading with emphasis upon articulation, gesture, and inflection; and the development of an appreciation of good literature. This point of view concerning the aims of reading has determined the selection of reading materials and the methods of teaching reading.

Recent investigations of reading experiences in modern life and of situations which induce reading have brought about radical revisions of reading objectives. The objectives of major importance adopted by the National Committee on Reading and stated in the Twenty-fourth Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education are three in number, as follows:

1. *The first and ultimate end of instruction in reading is to enable the reader to participate intelligently in the thought life of the world and appreciatively in its recreational activities.* This objective emphasizes the importance of reading materials and is reached fully in the Lincoln Readers through the use of a wide and interesting content centering around projects in history, biography, festivals, games, nature, civics, health, geography, schools, old world peoples and customs, colonial life, travel, transportation, science, scout craft, arts, and industry.

2. *A second major objective of reading instruction is to develop strong motives for, and permanent interests in, reading.* Much of our adult reading is carried on as a leisure occupation. No dominant purpose drives us on. We read for the genuine enjoyment given us by those vicarious experiences of life. Nevertheless, our permanent interests in reading are determined by our ability to read easily and intelligently whatever we have need to read. These

interests should be developed in childhood through interesting materials and strong motivation.

As noted above, the Lincoln Readers provide for this interesting content and motivate it: (a) by the use of interesting projects, such as are classified on the succeeding pages; (b) by arousing the interest and curiosity of children through the use of introductory problems, questions, and interesting comment, and (c) by the use of study helps and additional readings. The pupil reads each selection with a problem in mind or an interesting setting presented to him. The variety of material challenges his interest, the study helps direct his activity, and the "additional selections" feed his aroused desires.

3. *The third major objective is to develop desirable attitudes and economical and effective habits and skills.* The recent emphasis placed upon the technique of study has brought out the fact that mere ability to read with understanding does not insure ability to study effectively such subjects as geography, history, arithmetic, etc. Particularly, through the intermediate and grammar grades, has the teacher of reading come to assume the responsibility for the development of effective and economical study habits. The teacher of the primary grades now realizes that many of the fundamental reading habits approximate maturity by the close of her régime over the pupil. Pupils begin the study of textbooks in the third or fourth grade. They do not gain mastery in the use of books intuitively. They must be trained. Reading is reasoning, and effective reading involves the essential steps in clear thinking.

The third objective stated above has been analyzed into the following working units for grade four; page references to selections and suggestions that give practice in the development of habits, skills, and abilities are given:

I. Fundamental Reading Abilities, Habits, Skills.*

5. Habits of accurate enunciation and pronunciation, pp. 3, 16, 25, 31, 73, 103, 119, 137, 226, 247, 254, 263.
6. Recognition of thought units, phrases and sentences, pp. 103, 132, 187, 203, 227.
7. Ability to grasp the meanings of groups of words, pp. 3, 58, 73, 78, 106, 119, 128, 167, 226, 227, 262, 263.

* NOTE: For complete list of Reading Abilities, see authors' chart, "*The Objectives of Reading Instruction.*"

8. Developing an increasingly meaningful vocabulary, pp. 3, 16, 25, 31, 42, 69, 73, 102, 103, 106, 171, 173, 181, 187, 226, 262.
9. Ability to concentrate attention upon content, rather than symbols. See Helps to Study following selections.
10. Arousing appropriate emotional attitudes, pp. 1, 32, 69, 106, 110, 126, 133, 238, 258.
11. Habit of rhythmic and rapid eye-movements, see teachers manual for intermediate grades.
12. Ability to grasp increasing lengths of thought units, see teachers manual for intermediate grades.

II. Locating Data

13. Ability to use a table of contents, pp. 20, 33, 57, 82, 101.
14. Ability to find pages; answers to questions, etc., pp. 17, 24, 35, 58, 68, 107, 113, 117, 144, 151, 160, 170, 193, 205, 206, 223, 241, 262, 279.
15. Ability to skim rapidly to locate needed data, pp. 21, 26, 63, 158, 228, 254.
16. Ability to use an index effectively and quickly, pp. 146, 203.
17. Ability to use a glossary, pp. 14, 21, 26, 63, 74, 194, 257.
18. Ability to use chapter headings, pp. 60, 82, 92, 167, 174, 181.
20. Ability to use paragraph headings, pp. 78, 82, 123, 133.
23. Ability to use maps, charts, graphs, etc., pp. 1, 39, 86, 90, 109, 153, 180, 188.
24. Ability to use a dictionary, pp. 14, 16, 21, 25, 31, 36, 39, 106, 117, 119, 124, 167, 171, 181, 193, 206, 234, 237, 265.

III. Organization.

27. Ability to pick out the central idea of a selection, pp. 10, 32, 43, 51, 83, 92, 141, 174, 204, 247, 249, 250, 254, 266.
28. Ability to select the important points and the supporting details, pp. 6, 51, 79, 110, 120, 123, 210, 217, 266, 274, 282.
29. Ability to summarize, pp. 6, 9, 17, 26, 47, 58, 92, 107, 128, 143, 210, 226, 274.
30. Ability to associate what is read with other known facts, pp. 51, 79, 82, 104, 197, 210, 250.
31. Ability to determine the sequence of events or topics, pp. 32, 92, 96, 153, 222, 241.
32. Ability to follow directions accurately, pp. 35, 37, 48, 49, 50, 61, 102, 104, 112, 143, 152, 165, 173, 176, 197, 209, 219, 226, 240, 253, 281.

33. Ability to make a bibliography, pp. 3, 99, 101, 174, 188, 193, 198.

IV. Evaluation.

34. Ability to determine the validity of statements, pp. 39, 43, 63, 79, 119, 140, 160, 163, 181, 228.
35. Ability to select materials appropriate for dramatization, or essential to characterization, etc., pp. 6, 36, 83, 141, 150, 167, 194, 222, 254.
36. Ability to determine the relative importance of different statements, pp. 14, 26, 33, 43, 66, 79, 92, 128, 133, 146, 171, 238, 241.
37. Ability to sort essential and non-essential statements, pp. 6, 16, 26, 30, 43, 58, 62, 63, 79, 95, 102, 135, 144, 157, 160, 174, 204, 258, 263, 273.
38. Ability to evaluate conflicting or supplementary ideas from different sources, pp. 3, 20, 57, 66, 101, 102, 117, 137, 160, 165, 198.
39. Ability to state questions answered by the material, pp. 39, 42, 58, 86, 95, 119, 120, 144, 145, 160, 198, 223, 252.
40. Ability to form valid conclusions; to find the right solution pp. 17, 21, 34, 36, 39, 63, 66, 69, 74, 78, 86, 97, 104, 107, 113, 125, 135, 158, 210, 223, 254.
41. Ability to verify conclusions or apply them to other situations, pp. 36, 65, 82, 94, 99, 104, 111, 142, 153, 171, 188, 198, 233, 241, 246, 247, 274.

V. Retention.

42. Ability to memorize effectively and economically worthwhile selections, pp. 13, 21, 60, 79, 91, 97, 106, 117, 125, 126, 164, 208, 218.
43. Ability to reproduce the essential conditions of a problem, pp. 34, 73, 112, 113, 125, 150, 171, 219.
44. Ability to reproduce the essential thought of a selection, pp. 32, 39, 51, 58, 127, 176, 234, 238, 266.
45. Ability to recall facts of earlier readings for their bearing on a new problem, pp. 1, 106, 113, 143, 165, 188, 208, 253.

VI. Appreciation.

46. Ability to visualize described details, pp. 1, 6, 10, 51, 83, 85, 86, 91, 110, 141, 142, 150, 175, 188, 194, 208, 219, 222.
47. Ability to evaluate and enjoy the humor of a selection, pp. 58, 74, 141, 144, 167, 198, 219, 228, 250.

48. Ability to feel and enjoy rhythm and music in literature, pp. 5, 13, 20, 83, 91, 110, 164, 208, 218, 280.
49. Ability to read orally and effectively for the enjoyment of others, pp. 1, 83, 99, 110, 234, 274.
50. Ability to read silently for enjoyment of self, pp. 99, 164, 174, 188, 208, 218, 266, 274.
52. Attitude of enjoyment of good literature—love of books, pp. 13, 32, 91, 110, 206, 274, 280.
53. Ability to enlarge and enrich experience through wide reading, pp. 3, 86, 95, 128, 176, 188, 198, 203, 204.
54. Possession of valid and permanent reading interests. All selections contribute to this ability.

Means of Attaining the Objectives of Reading. Suitable reading materials and a clear statement of desirable reading objectives will not insure permanent reading interests and matured habits and abilities. Specific training for specific habits and abilities is essential. The Lincoln Readers provide this training.

Reading in the Primary Grades via The Lincoln Way. In the Primer, First, Second, and Third readers, major importance is attached to the development of a favorable attitude towards reading through emphasis upon the familiar experiences of childhood. All children find satisfaction in stories of their everyday doings—the activities of the home; the problems of food, clothing, and shelter; nature, festivals, games; the making of interesting things; civics and health; industry, etc. These experiences are presented to them in an interesting way. Through the medium of this material the fundamental reading habits enumerated above are developed. The technique used in this development is presented in the study helps at the close of selections and in the teacher's manual accompanying each book. Thus the initial training in the effective use of books is begun in these grades.

The Problems of the Intermediate Grades. In the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth readers, the development of the fundamental reading habits is continued as necessary. In these grades, major emphasis is placed upon the permanent interests in reading and upon the development of the effective study habits and skills mentioned in II, III, and IV above. Pupils receive specific training in locating data in books, in organizing data by naming paragraphs, sections, and selections; by outlining, summarizing, and comparing readings with their everyday experiences; by arranging topics in proper sequence; and by making articles guided by detailed directions, etc.

They learn to raise questions concerning the validity of statements made, to arrange statements in the order of their value or importance, to select those data essential to the solution of a problem, to evaluate conflicting statements, and to select materials suitable to dramatization, etc.

Attention is called to the valuable "Helps to Study" given at the close of each selection. It is here that the attention of pupils is directed to the possibilities of the selections. Here pupils are trained specifically to locate, organize, and evaluate data, and to arrive at valid conclusions. They are directed to choose, to compare, to contrast, to locate, to summarize, to tabulate, to outline to interpret, to conclude, to verify.

In addition to these study factors they receive training in retention and are lead through the selection of suitable material to an appreciation of the worth while in literature.

The Grammar Grades or Junior High School. The training in effective study habits begun in the intermediate grades is continued in the grammar grades. In addition to this training, the pupils are lead to a wise discrimination in the selection of reading materials and to an appreciation of the best types of literary production.

The Seventh and Eighth books are planned to correlate the social and natural sciences, English and mathematics, with reading itself.

The Lincoln Readers have been Tested and Graded by School Use. The authors have used great care in the placement of each selection finally incorporated into the series. The procedure included, first, a careful grading of the content and diction by the authors; and, second, the testing of pupils' interest in and their comprehension of the selections.

This method of testing enables the authors to assure schools which adopt these readers that they are not experimenting; instead, such schools are availing themselves of teaching material which already has been successfully used in public schools extensively.

Sources of Material. Particular attention is called to the sources of the selections in this book. If children are expected to learn "the efficient use of books" they must have specific training in reading the specific types of materials which school and society demand. Accordingly, the authors have deliberately chosen selections from the best examples of text books, reference books, magazines for children, and other suitable publications.

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BOYS AND GIRLS!

This is your book! It is a practice book in basal reading. It is going to help you to become a better reader by showing you how to "think straight" through a story. It tells you some things which you already know, and a few things which you may wish to know about famous people, nature, and other things. We hope you will want to read other books to find other interesting facts about birds and trees, ants and earthworms; about experiments and games for boys and girls; about holidays and festivals; about people who lived long ago, and those of not so long ago who have done noble deeds.

Learn to read by yourself as Lincoln did, and help others to read. Did you know that there are many boys and girls, over ten years of age, in our beloved United States today who cannot speak, read, or write the English language? What are *you* going to do about it? First, learn to read well yourself; second, help others to do the same. This will help to make all Americans better citizens.

SEASONAL PROJECTS

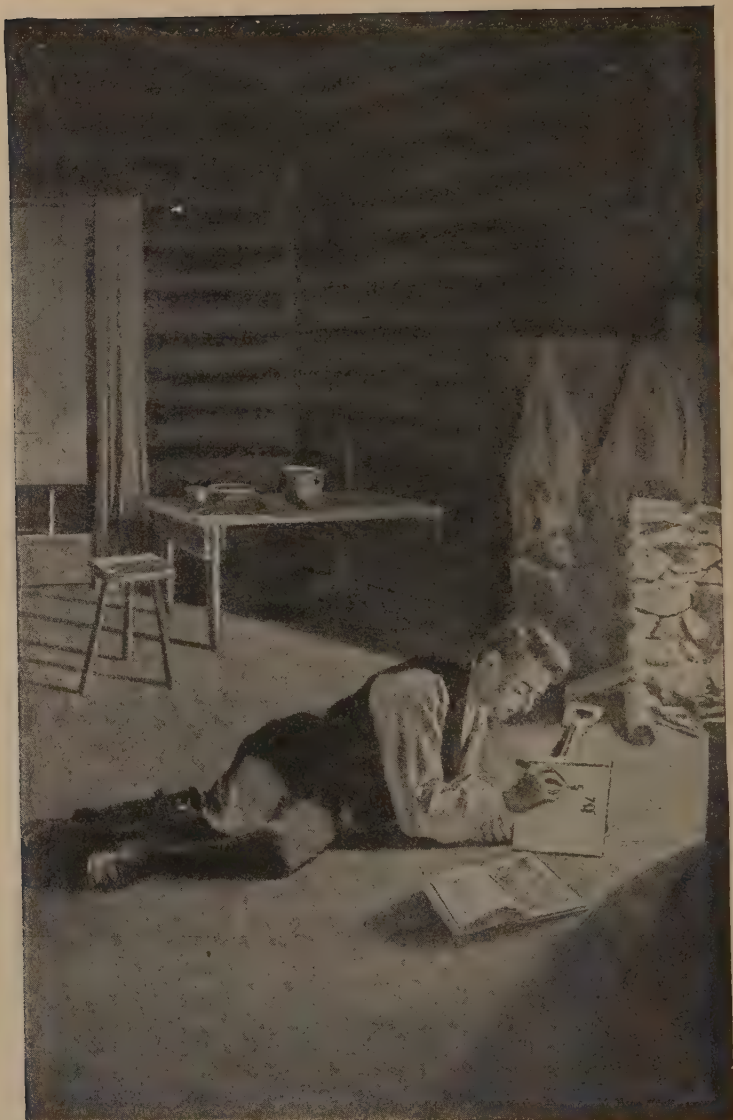
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Note to Teacher. These are *type lessons*, chosen to illustrate the corresponding reading abilities. The Projects should be extended as far as choosing.

ARRANGED BY MONTHS

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several kinds of reading material and proper methods of developing time and opportunity will permit with suitable selections of your own



Courtesy Chicago Historical Society

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS A YOUNG MAN

"I will study and get ready, and then, maybe, my chance will come."—Abraham Lincoln.

NEVER WITHOUT A BOOK

Here are two word pictures of Abraham Lincoln, drawn by men who knew him when a boy. Read for the pictures.

"I was very fond of riding to mill with my father. One very hot day as we drove along the dusty road we saw a boy sitting on an old-fashioned rail fence. When we came closer we saw that the boy was reading, and had not noticed our approach.

"My father turned to me and said, 'John, look at that boy yonder, and mark my words, he will make a smart man of himself some day. I may not see it, but you'll see if my words don't come true!' "

The speaker was Captain John Lamar, and the boy on the rail fence was none other than Abraham Lincoln, the best read boy in his neighborhood.

Dennis Hanks, a cousin, also speaks of Abe's fondness for reading. Said he, "I never knew such a boy for reading. He was hardly ever without a book. If out plowing or hoeing, he carried a book in his pocket and at noon would sit under a tree and read.

“ ‘Denny,’ he would say, ‘the things I want to know are in books, and my best friend is the man who will get me one.’ ”

“So I chopped cordwood and bought Abe a copy of the *Arabian Nights*. It gave him and all of us a great deal of pleasure. He often read to us by the hour or repeated some of the stories he had read as we sat around the fireplace. Reading was his chief pleasure.”

In the backwoods where he grew up there were no regular schools. Once in a while a stranger wandered into the district and opened a school in a log house. He would offer to teach “reading, writing, and ciphering to the rule of three.” To such a school Abe Lincoln went “by spells,” that is, he went a few weeks one winter and a few more the next; but in all, he had less than a year of schooling. For the rest, this poor boy had to depend upon his own efforts. The two word pictures given in this selection tell us how and where he got his education.

—*Stories of Lincoln.*

“I do the very best I know how, the very best I can, and I mean to keep on doing so to the end.”

—*A. Lincoln.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What kinds of work did boys do at this time? 2. What is meant by “ciphering to the rule of three?” 3. How long did Lincoln attend school? 4. Draw two pictures suggested by this story.



THE MONARCH BUTTERFLY

Most boys and girls of your age are interested in butterflies,—in catching, mounting, and building up a collection of specimens. Of all the numerous insects, the butterfly is without doubt the most beautiful. “He is a bit of color flitting o’er the landscape” and is always a joyous sight wherever beheld.

One of the best ways to become interested in butterflies is to make a study of a single specimen. Since the Monarch is one of the most common, we have chosen him for study.

The upper surface of the wings is light tawny brown, with the borders and veins black, and with two rows of white spots on the fore ribs and outer borders. In the male, the veins of the wings have narrow black margins, and there are black pouches on the hind wings containing scent-scales.

The food of the Monarch is the milkweed, for which reason he is often called the milkweed butterfly. In searching for the Monarch, do not overlook his feeding ground, for he is often found in great numbers in a patch of milkweed.

The male Monarch is the dandy among butterflies. He is not only neat in figure and gorgeous in color, but on each hind wing he carries a black perfume bag to attract his lady-love. She is as brilliant as he, but lacks the perfume packets on her wings.

Birds leave the Monarch strictly alone, for the same reason that the little black and white skunk is left alone. His scent is no more agreeable than that of the skunk, and if ever a bird were bold enough to eat one, he would never want another.

The Monarch is a great traveler. He migrates north in the spring after the manner of birds. The mother butterfly flies northward as far as she finds the milkweed sprouting; there she lays her eggs, and after a time dies. The eggs soon hatch a new brood of butterflies which, in turn, carries the journey another long distance northward to new feeding grounds.

With the approach of cool weather, the Monarchs gather in great flocks and start for the Southland. How they find their way back is a mystery. Unlike the birds, which usually have several experienced travelers in the flock, the butterfly flock is made up of the young travelers; but,

in spite of youth and lack of guides, somehow the flock finds its way home.

This particular kind is well named the Monarch, for it is the most daring and strongest flyer of all butterflies. Not only does he take these long flights north and south, but he has been seen five hundred miles out at sea and, indeed, has been seen as far east as Europe and as far west as the islands of the Pacific. Of what birds can as much be said?

Birds have their nests; they rear their eager
young

And flit on errands all the livelong day;

Each field mouse keeps the homestead where it
sprung;

But thou art nature's freeman—free to stray

Unfettered through the wood,

Seeking thine airy food,

The sweetness spiced on every blossomed spray.

—*After Comstock.*

THINGS TO DO

1. Observe butterflies, and draw or paint one you like best.
2. Write a little poem about "Butterflies."
3. Make a collection of butterflies—specimens or pictures.

Other Selections: White Butterflies, SWINBURNE; The Spring of The Year, DALLAS LORE SHARP; Butterflies, *Nature Study and Life*, HODGE; Butterflies and Moths, Clothes Moth. *Nature Study*, OVERTON and HILL; To A Butterfly, WORDSWORTH; How to Know The Butterflies, COMSTOCK.

THE SHEPHERD BOY

You may have seen a man defeat a boy in some struggle. Did you ever hear of a boy winning over a man? No? The shepherd boy in this story found a way to overcome a mighty giant. As you read, try to picture each actor in the scene; try to see just how each one was dressed and armed as he stepped forth.

Two armies were drawn up in battle line, ready to fight. At the head of one army was King Saul. He was a very tall man, at least a head taller than any soldier in his army; and his tall helmet and long spear seemed to add fully another foot to his stature.

In the other army was a great giant. He was head and shoulders taller than King Saul and ever so much stronger. He was the champion of the opposing army, the expert swordsman selected, as was the custom in those days, to fight the best man in King Saul's army.

When the armies were about ready to begin the fight, the great giant stepped out in front of the lines and shouted to King Saul: "Ho! A challenge! Choose you a champion. If he be able to fight with me and kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I kill him, then shall you be our servants and serve us. I await your reply."

That was a bold speech, yet it seemed fair enough to each side. However, there was no one in King Saul's army that was a match for the giant, not even King Saul himself. He knew it and the giant knew it. On the other hand, not to fight, would brand him and his army as cowards; and to fight the giant, meant certain death. It was surely a hard place in which the King's soldiers found themselves.

While the king and his followers were trying to decide what to do, a young shepherd boy edged his way to the front to learn what the trouble was. He had left his flocks on the hills and had run down to see his big brothers who were in the army, and, possibly, to see the battle.

"Who is that big boaster?" asked the boy. "I will gladly accept his challenge, if the king will let me. I fear neither man nor beast. When I was tending my father's sheep and there came a lion, or a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock, I went out after him and smote him and delivered it out of his mouth."

"A very likely story!" sneered his eldest brother. "You had better go back home and look after the sheep."

But King Saul had overheard what the boy said, and since no one else offered to fight the giant, he said, "Brave words, my son. We will give you a chance. Here are the weapons, make your choice."

"Away with your weapons! I can't use them.

I will choose five smooth stones from the brook. I want nothing else," replied the boy.

Then the two champions stepped forth to fight.

To King Saul's army, it looked liked a case of plain rashness. To some, it seemed wicked to permit a mere boy to meet the giant, for everyone felt that the brave lad was going forth to his death. But the boy himself showed no signs of fear. He alone knew what he was about.

From a distance the great size of the giant, and his heavy armor could be plainly seen. He wore a helmet of brass upon his head and was clad in a coat of mail. In his right hand he carried a long sword and on his left arm bore a large shield.

The shepherd boy wore only a sheepskin coat and carried a sling. A sling, you know, is a piece of leather to which two long strings are fastened. With a good sling a stone may be thrown very swiftly.

When the great giant saw the little shepherd boy coming to meet him, he laughed loud and long. Then he grew angry, to think that King Saul would send out a mere boy to fight him! "Come to me," he growled, "and I will give your flesh to the beasts of the field!"

As the shepherd boy ran forth, he put a stone into his sling. Then he whirled the sling around his head until, just at the right moment, he let the stone fly. It sped to its mark with the swiftness of an arrow. It struck the giant squarely in the

forehead. He fell upon his face to the ground and in a few minutes was dead. To make doubly sure, the shepherd boy ran up, seized the giant's own sword and cut off his head.

Thus ended the battle. King Saul's army had won the day through the skill and bravery of a young shepherd boy.

—*A Hebrew Tale.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Of the statements given below two are false and one is true in each set. Select each true statement.

King Saul was

1. a short man.
2. just as tall as any soldier in his army.
3. taller than any soldier in his army.

A great giant of the other army was

1. taller than King Saul.
2. shorter than King Saul.
3. not so strong as King Saul.

The shepherd boy was

1. clothed in a coat of iron.
2. clothed in a coat of sheepskin.
3. clothed in a coat of brass.

2. Select the four main points in this story.

THINGS TO DO

Make a weapon like the one carried by this shepherd boy. Tell this story in four short sentences.

Other Selections: The Story of David, *Old Stories of the East*, BALDWIN; *Four Old Greeks*, HALL.



LABOR DAY PARADE

Note to teacher: In using this selection no previous notice need be given. Assign the parts quickly by number and allow only a moment for reading silently. All parts should be assigned, but it will not matter if two or more have the same part and march together in the parade. Let each child imagine himself a tradesman and play the part given to him. He may use any article in the room or cloakroom to assist him in his make-up. After the parade has marched around the room a time or two, the column should come to a halt and each tradesman be called upon to explain his trade.

1. Musician. I am a musician. I play the snare drum in the band. When the drum major blows his whistle, I go tr-r-r-r-r tum! tum! and then the band begins to play. It takes weeks and weeks of practice to become a good drummer. No band is half a band without a drummer, nor is a parade much of a parade without a band.

2. Carpenter. The place of honor is the first



in the parade. I was placed first in line because my craft is one of the oldest. Long before tailors made clothes or bakers made bread, the carpenter built houses to live in. With my kit of tools I can make this building, the desks, and all the furniture. Surely no one will deny my right to the place of honor.

3. Stone Mason. I like to hear the carpenters talk. With their little hammers they make a lot of noise; but, to get right down to the bottom of things, I want to know if my craft didn't first lay the walls for the carpenter. My tools are few, but with my sledge hammer and trowel I can build mighty buildings.

4. Baker. Talk about the place of honor! Who can out-honor the baker? That carpenter and that stone mason had no sooner ceased crying for their mothers than they began crying for the baker to give them something to eat. And now,

since they have the habit, they eat and eat and then cry for more. Nobody can get along without the bakers! It's hard work, but we knead the dough.

5. Tailor. Begging your pardon, I must say I haven't heard so much foolish talk since the world began. I want to ask how many of these craftsmen could carry on their work, if I didn't first make them some clothes to work in. Talk about your place of honor! But for the tailors, not one of you could take part in this parade! With my needles and thread, with my scissors and cloth, I can turn even a carpenter into a drum major.

6. Barber. After listening to the knocks of the carpenters, and the blows of the stone masons, my razors feel dull and my scissors full of grit. A barber is supposed to keep silent and listen to the boastings of the baker, the tailor, and all the rest. But, thank goodness! it isn't necessary to advertise my craft. A man may bake his own bread and build his own houses, but who ever heard of a man cutting his own hair! Next!

7. Blacksmith. Such boasting! These brag-garts should be in my shop to blow the bellows. Talk about the place of honor! Where would the carpenter, baker, tailor, and all of the rest be, if I didn't first make them tools with which to do their work? No craftsman can work without tools. Kling! Klang! I am the man who makes the tools—my trade leads all the rest.

8. Cobbler. Every trade should have a motto. Our motto is "Cobbler, stick to your last." I suppose that's why I am last. Some one had to be last, and I am glad it is the cobbler. A last, you know, is the wooden foot over which I make the shoes. I use only a few tools—a hammer, an awl, some needles, and a last. But I can put a sole into my work, and that is something no other craftsman can do. That is also why I shall follow my motto and "stick to my last."

All sing:

This is the way we play the drum,
Play the drum, play the drum;
This is the way we play the drum
On a Monday morning.

This is the way we saw the boards, etc.

—*Anna Boyd.*

HURT NO LIVING THING

Hurt no living thing:
Ladybird nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap;
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

EARNING A BICYCLE

If your father offered to add fifty cents toward a bicycle, for every fifty you earned, what would you say?

William waited anxiously for Wednesday's mail. It was not a letter he expected, but a weekly paper—his own Boys' Magazine.

Sure enough, it came, and the first thing that caught his eye was a big "ad" right in the center. It read:

"RIDER AGENTS WANTED"

William read no further. He had an idea—he wanted a bicycle. He had no money, but he was determined to earn enough to buy that wheel.

He thought first of one plan and then of another. He counted over all the boys who might buy new bicycles. Then he remembered hearing his mother say that Uncle Si Johnson, the milkman, was getting pretty old to peddle milk all over town.

"The very idea!" exclaimed William. "If I had a bicycle, I could help Uncle Si Johnson deliver milk, and perhaps he would pay me something. I'll go to see him at once."

On the way over, William thought about what he should say to Uncle Si, and how best to say it. He thought the matter over several times before he reached the house. He even tried to write out

what he should say, but decided that he could talk much better than he could write. He found Uncle Si on the side porch and said politely, "How do you do, Mr. Johnson?"

"Well, how do you do, Sonny?" Uncle Si always called William "Sonny." "Come right up, my boy."

"Mr. Johnson," began William, "I've been thinking about you today."

"Oh, have you, Sonny?" broke in Uncle Si with a laugh. "I've been feeling cheerful all day and knew some good little boy must have been thinking of me. So it was you, was it, Sonny?"

"Yes, and how hard it must be for you to deliver milk all over town and do your garden work, too. I've been thinking, Mr. Johnson, that when I get my new bicycle, perhaps you would like to have me help you deliver milk."

"Yes, yes," replied Uncle Si. "That's the way I like to hear a boy talk. That's a good idea, and since it's you, Sonny, and since I need a boy to help me, let's make a bargain right here. I'll give you twenty-five cents a day to help me deliver milk."

William agreed, and was soon off for home whistling a merry tune.

That evening, William laid his plans before his father. He told him of the deal with Uncle Si Johnson and how, by that means, he expected to earn enough money to buy a bicycle.

“My son,” said his father, “I am proud of you, and to show my pride in you, I will make the first payment on the new bicycle myself and order it for you to-night.” And he did.

—*Adam Adams.*

QUICK THINKING

Take two minutes for reading this selection and then answer these statements in thirty seconds by *yes* or *no*.

1. William read an “ad” in the daily paper. 2. The paper gave him a new idea. 3. His mother told him to see Uncle Si Johnson. 4. Uncle Si said, “Hello, William.” 5. He offered William fifty cents a week. 6. His father didn’t like William’s plan for earning a bicycle. 7. He offered to make the first payment. 8. He said he would order it in the spring. 9. There is no proof that the wheel was ordered.

DICTIONARY DRILL

Write the letters of the alphabet in a column, from *a* to *z*. That is called the alphabetical order. Arrange the following words in alphabetical order.

earning	porch	Johnson
bicycle	about	laughing
William	come	you
Uncle	don’t	zero
Wednesday	thinking	eight
letter	since	under
expected	means	evening
magazine	pride	for
something	order	good
deliver	idea	payment

A PIONEER FLOUR MILL

Problem: How was flour ground in pioneer days? What sort of mills were used for grinding?

It is hard for us to imagine a time when grain was crushed on the farm by means of a stone mortar and pestle; still harder, for us to think of the little hand mills which were used in early colonial times. Since there were no mills, this was the only way in which corn could be ground. Besides, these early pioneers were quite willing to learn from their Indian neighbors, and if an Indian woman could make samp or hominy by grinding or crushing corn between two hollow stones, so could they.

The little hand mill—a small machine, somewhat like an old-fashioned coffee mill—was a time-saver for the colonial housewife; but no one welcomed the flour mill run by water power more than she. Those who had spent hours turning the hand mill could now give their attention to something else which would add comfort to the home.

There was a time in the history of Maryland when the farmer went to mill just as he did in any pioneer community. Here is a part of a letter, now yellow with age, which tells us just what a boy did who took some grain to mill:



‘Going to mill was a great pleasure to me. I liked the long rides through the woods. Black Sambo, no older than myself, went with me as a kind of bodyguard. I liked to talk with the other boys and to hear the men tell stories. You know we did not see much company, for our neighbors lived a good distance away. The little trip to the mill meant as much to me as a long journey would to you. When we arrived at the mill, the miller met us at the door, and took the sack of grain away, while we sauntered down by the river to watch the water flow over the dam in a broad waterfall, or to catch the sparkle of the water drops on the mill wheel. It was a long wait sometimes, if others were ahead of us, but we always found something new and interesting to make the time pass pleasantly and quickly.

“Once I was coming home from the mill late at night. I was all alone—darkness dropped down upon me like a black curtain in the thick forest. No cabin was near. I was a bit afraid of the black-

ness before me. Suddenly I heard a great howling of wolves. They were far away, but there was no mistaking that howl. If they came my way, what could I do? If they crossed my path what would happen to me? I rode under a tall tree and waited. Fortunately, for me, they followed another trail, and Old Nell, my horse, led me to safety."

Can you picture the grain sack thrown across the back of the horse, the white boy astride that, the colored boy riding behind, and the ride through the woods along the old Indian trail to the nearest mill?

In those early times you would expect to find a mill in the region of running water, for of course those were the days of water power.

On the Patapsco (Pa-taps-co) River at Ellicott City, Maryland, you will find an old mill still standing beside three modern, up-to-date buildings and bearing the name of the Patapsco Flouring Mills. These mills possess much historic interest. The old mill, standing there and growing grayer as the years go by, might be termed the birthplace of the flouring trade in America. This is my reason for telling you about this old colonial mill. It may not have been the very first flour mill in the colonies, but it is the first mill in America that tried to expand its trade beyond local limits. It tried to render service beyond its own neighborhood. Not only did it grind flour for the peo-

ple far and near, around Ellicott City, as they needed it to use in their homes, but it seems that they must have ground more than was used, for they had flour to ship to foreign ports. As payment for grinding, the milling company took toll in flour, and this flour needed an outlet.

Over a hundred years ago, so the records show, a Boston firm received a cargo of the Patapsco brand of flour, which brand is now more than one hundred and twenty-five years old. The old records of shipment show that cargoes of Patapsco Flour were shipped to foreign ports as early as 1800, or earlier. I haven't any doubt but that some of our little English cousins ate biscuits made from some of this flour ground at our very doors.

—Adapted from “Real Stories” from “Baltimore County History.”

THINGS TO DO

1. If possible, visit a flour mill in your neighborhood. Compare the pioneer way of grinding flour with what you learned in your visit. 2. Write an original verse: “The Water Wheel” or “The Water Mill.” Read these poems: “The Miller of the Dee;” “The Jolly Miller.” 3. Play “Jolly is the Miller.” Dance “The Water Fairies,” or “The Indian Corn Dance.”

Other Selections: The Miller of the Dee, MACKAY; The Jolly Miller; Jolly is the Miller; Folk Dance Song, The Windmill's Song; Going to Mill; *Letters from Polly, the Pioneer*, NIDA.

MARIETTA'S SECRET

When you read the title of this story think what Marietta's secret might be. Read the first paragraph through. Then write down what you think she was keeping from Tony. Read the rest of the story. See how near you come to guessing Marietta's Secret. See if any member of the class really guesses it.

Tony Donizetti sat in a big chair by the window and looked gloomily down on the children playing in the courtyard below. Tony was only nine years old, and when one is so young as that, it is hard to have a sprained ankle and not be able to play. It was nearly noon, and soon Marietta would be home from school. Perhaps she would have something to show him, he thought hopefully.

Marietta was only a year older than her brother. She did as much as she could to help him pass away the long hours. Sometimes she brought home her reader from school so that they could read together. But they had long since read the stories so many times that they had grown tired of them.

On her way to and from school Marietta looked longingly at the books which she saw in the shop windows, but she knew she could never, never

save enough money to buy one of them. It took all the money which their father could earn to pay the rent and buy food and clothing for his family.

Promptly at twelve o'clock Marietta came running through the doorway.

"Hello," she called out happily to Tony.

She looked as though she were fairly bursting with good news, but she said nothing at all. Tony was not to be so easily fooled.

"What has happened?" he demanded.

"Wait until after school and I will tell you," replied Marietta.

And that was all she would say; no amount of coaxing would draw anything more from her. Poor Tony had to content himself as best he could through the afternoon until Marietta came home again. When she came, she was holding something behind her.

"Guess what I have," she said as soon as she shut the door.

"I can't," said Tony. He was just a little cross because he had been made to wait so long.

Without any more words Marietta placed two books on his lap.

"Oh-h-h! Where did you get them?" he cried.

"At the library," said Marietta. Then seeing the questioning look in his eyes she explained:

"This morning a lady came into our school-room and told us about it. I never heard of a library before. It is a place where there are books

that we may take any time we wish, for nothing. She gave us each a card to fill out. Then she said that either father or mother must sign it on the back to show that they are willing for us to take books from the library."

"Did mother sign yours?" asked Tony, "I didn't see her."

"Yes, I brought it home with me at noon, and she signed it when you were not looking. Then this afternoon I went to the library. And Tony, I never saw so many books in all my life as there are there. There must be many thousands! In one corner of the room there was a low round table with chairs just big enough to be comfortable. On it were two piles of picture books—pictures of everything you can think of, Tony. And on the shelves near by were lots and lots of easy books which you and I could read. I looked in some of them and found stories of princes and princesses and giants and fairies. Some had stories about animals, about Peter Rabbit and Benny Bunny. There were ever so many readers, different from the ones we have in school. The librarian showed me where I could find books about children who live in other countries. She said that when we study about them I may get a book and take it to school with me. Our teacher would be glad to have me do that."

"Was there anything about engines or boats?" asked Tony.

"Yes, I knew you would wonder about that, so I asked the librarian. She said the books were all too hard for you to read, but that she had some magazines full of pictures which I could bring home to you. Oh, Tony! just wait until your ankle is better. Then you can go there yourself."

"Well," said Tony, drawing a long breath when she had finished, "I'm glad that lady came to your room this morning. Wouldn't it have been dreadful if we hadn't ever heard about the library!"

"And, mother," said Marietta, turning to the little woman who was sewing by the window, "there is a book which tells how to make dresses. It's full of pictures and everything you need to know about making the clothes that we wear. If I bring it home and read it to you, will you make me a dress like those the other girls wear?"

"Y-e-s, I do it. You read-a me. You tell-a how," said her mother in broken English.

"Mother, my dresses look so queer. It's because they were made in Italy, I guess. Now you can learn how to make American dresses. Perhaps," she said, with a happy smile, "we can find out how to do lots of things the way Americans do them if we read the books in the library."

—*Muriel Jordan.*

QUESTIONS

1. Where did these little children live?
2. What did they like to do?
3. Why was Tony anxious to know what Marietta

kept from him? 4. How did the long wait make him feel? 5. What is a library? 6. How do you take books from a library? 7. What kind of books will you find there? 8. Who helps you to find them? 9. What makes the children's room so comfortable? 10. Visit a library. Find out some other things about a library which a little boy or girl should know.

Other Selections: A Boy's Letter; The Land of Story Books, STEVENSON; Our Little Italian Cousin, McMORRIS; The Heart of A Boy, DEAMICIS; Bernado and Lauretta, BOUVET; Bergetta's Misfortune, THAXTER

WORD ANALYSIS

"In" and "un" are prefixes, and mean "not" when placed before many words. Another common prefix is "re" which means "again."

Give the meanings of the following words:

inactive	unable	refresh
inattentive	unhitched	reform
indirect	unfit	refine
incapable	uneven	redirect
inexact	undoubted	reenter
incomplete	undivided	recount
incorrect	unequal	repay
indecent	unadvised	resound
independent	unaware	request
indestructible	uncivil	resigned
indivisible	uncommon	repeat
inequality	uncover	repress
indisposed	unkind	reprint
incautious	unload	remould

Look in your dictionary and find words to add to these lists. Make a race out of it. Time yourself.



DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI

Problem: Find out where three bridges span the Mississippi and what two industries on the river are mentioned.

The whistle blew, the gang plank was hauled aboard, and we were off, a jolly party of boys and girls, fathers and mothers, aunts and uncles—all on pleasure bent. Every fall father takes us on a pleasure trip somewhere, and this year it was to be a trip down the Mississippi, from Saint Paul to Saint Louis.

Our boat was a large “packet” of the Diamond Joe line. She swung out into the middle of the river and headed down stream like a great white swan. A small dog, which probably belonged to some member of the boat’s crew, made a frantic effort to overtake the boat. It swam several hundred yards after us, but finally gave up the chase

and headed for shore. Poor thing, it was just a minute too late.

We stood on deck and watched the city fade from view. Several boats of young people rowed into the wash of our boat. It was really exciting to see them ride the big waves and hear the girls scream whenever the row boats pitched into a valley between the waves.

At Hastings we passed under a high bridge, built so far above the water that boats with tall smoke stacks could easily pass underneath. This great bridge links together at this point the states of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Below Hastings, for a stretch of two hundred miles, is some of the most beautiful river scenery in America. The great river winds in and out amongst wooded islands, while rugged bluffs, like chains of mountains, line the shores. At Red Wing, Ball's Bluff rises about five hundred feet above the river.

The captain joined our party and pointed out places of interest along the shore. He was a jolly sailor, and joked and told stories about the river and the towns as we passed along. At Winona, he pointed out the bluff from the top of which, legend says, the Indian maiden, Winona, leaped to her death rather than give up her lover and marry a warrior whom she did not love.

About twenty miles below Winona, we passed La Crosse on the Wisconsin side. We were told

that the first white men in Wisconsin were Frenchmen. That accounts for the French names of La Crosse and Prairie du Chien. At the latter place the dark waters of the Wisconsin River join the Mississippi. Here, also, is a pontoon bridge across the Mississippi, the only one of its kind on the river. The bridge is formed of barges chained together and the railroad built over these. To let our boat through, a part of the bridge swung down stream and, after we had passed through, it was pulled again into position.

When it grew dark, we went inside—into the cabin, as it is called—where we gathered round the piano and played and sang until we were ready for bed.

Early the next morning, our boat passed Rock Island and Davenport. Here in the river is a very large island belonging to the United States government. It is one of the places where our government makes cannon and other war material. During the World War, soldiers closely guarded it, and no one was allowed to come near the island.

Here and there we came upon fishermen—"clammers" they are called. Although clams are good to eat, that is not why they are hunted. From the shallow places and lagoons of the river, fishermen drag tons and tons of clams. The meat is first scraped out and then the shells are sold to button factories for making pearl buttons.

Sometimes a grain of sand gets inside the shell

of the clam and causes him pain. In trying to dislodge it, the little creature gives out a fluid which hardens and forms a pearl around the sand. While cleaning the shells, fishermen always look sharply for pearls. Once in a while, one is found worth several hundred dollars.

In the afternoon we came to the great dam across the Mississippi at Keokuk. This is one of the largest in America. The water above the dam is about twenty-five feet higher than the water below. As we approached the dam, the pilot steered our boat into the huge concrete locks. The gates behind us were closed and those in front opened. The water rushed out of the locks and our boat gradually settled down to the level of the water below the dam; then we steamed out of the locks and continued our journey down stream.

When we stopped at Quincy, some boys entertained us with diving stunts, and we threw some pennies to them. It was fun to see them scramble on the sand for the money.

Just below Quincy is the great apple section of Illinois. We took on board a great many barrels of apples for the Saint Louis market. Some men brought around a basket of red Jonathans and gave us a treat. We learned that many thousands of barrels of apples are shipped by water from this part of Illinois to other cities along the river.

On and on we steamed till we came to the mouth of the Illinois River. Here were other boats,

loaded with apples and headed for Saint Louis. Soon we passed Alton, Illinois, and not far below we came to the mouth of the great Missouri River. Oh, such a sight! The water is so dirty—the color of yellow clay—that one can clearly see the line where the Mississippi and Missouri waters mingle in midstream.

The great city of Saint Louis came into view a few miles farther on. We passed under the great Eads Bridge, connecting Saint Louis, Missouri, with East Saint Louis, Illinois. Soon the dock at Saint Louis was reached and our voyage ended.

—*Mary Gardner.*

YES OR NO

Here is a game in clear thinking. Answer each question with *yes* or *no*. No other answer will be satisfactory. Leave a new line for each new answer, and be sure to number it to correspond with the problem. If you are not sure of the number, guess at it, and pass on to the next problem.

1. One travels down the Mississippi from St. Louis to St. Paul.
2. Travelers go up a river when traveling toward its source.
3. The high bridge at Hastings links together two states—Wisconsin and Iowa.
4. Below Hastings for a stretch of two hundred miles, is some of the most beautiful river scenery in America.
5. La Crosse and Prairie du Chien are two Indian names.
6. The Mississippi River boasts of a pontoon bridge at Prairie du Chien.
7. Pearl buttons are made from pearls.

8. A pearl is formed by a fluid which the clam or oyster gives out when something unusual happens to it.

9. One of the largest dams in America is at Keokuk.

10. Missouri means muddy. One cannot tell where the Missouri enters the Mississippi.

Other Selections: Up the St. Lawrence, CHAMBERLAIN; Father of Waters, *Little American Historical Plays for Little Americans*, ELEANOR HUBBARD; Old Mrs. Sippi, LINCOLN Third Reader.

DICTIONARY DRILL

In the following list there are several words that begin with the same letter. In arranging this list in alphabetical order, you must group the words that begin with a common letter then arrange in proper order the words in each group.

the	till	trying
city	dirty	inside
tell	dollars	meat
made	pain	Missouri
names	twenty	largest
that	grain	formed
pilot	La Crosse	mouth
steamed	two	passed
along	pearl	learned
between	muddy	hardens
little	river	creature
Lawrence	market	off
means	while	our
dams	one	happens
Keokuk	fluid	for
headed	clam	can
learned	steered	sand
see	here	section

AN HONEST INDIAN

Read this story through in two minutes. Close your book and try to remember the important points in the story. It is a good story to tell. Practice telling it at school and at home.

An old Indian once bought some things from a white man who kept a store. When he got back to his wigwam and opened the bundle he found some money inside of it.

“Good luck!” thought the old Indian to himself. “I will keep this money. It will buy many more things.”

He went to bed, but he could not sleep. All night long he kept thinking about the money. Over and over he thought, “I will keep it. I will keep it for my own.” But something within him seemed to say, “No, you must not keep it, that would not be right.”

Early the next morning he went back to the white man’s store. “Here is some money,” said he, “I found it in my bundle.”

“Why didn’t you keep it?” asked the store-keeper.

“There are two voices inside of me,” replied the Indian. “One said, ‘Keep it, you found it, and the white man will never know.’”

“Then the other said, ‘Take it back! Take it back! It is not yours. You have no right to keep it.’

“Then the first one said, ‘Keep it! Keep it! You are foolish to take it back.’

“But the other voice spoke more loudly, ‘No, no! Take it back! Take it back!’

“The two voices inside me talked all night and would not let me sleep. So I have brought the money back. Now the two voices will stop talking and to-night I shall sleep.”

—*Old Indian Tale.*

From “Studies in Reading.”

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Open the book and read the story again. With book closed write down the important points you need in order to tell the story well. 2. What name do we give to this inner voice of which the Indian speaks? 3. Find an old saying that contains the thought of the story.

PROVERBS

Complete the following proverbs:

——— is the best policy.—Cervantes.

An —— man is as good as his bond.—Cervantes.

An —— man’s the noblest work of God.—Pope.

Other Selections: Lincoln’s Honesty, *A. Lincoln for Boys and Girls*, BERGOLD; Honest Abe, *Boy Scout Life of Lincoln*, IDA M. TARBELL; The Shepherd Boy and the Wolf, AESOP; An Old Pine, *Lincoln Reader*, Book III; Pocahontas, BALDWIN; Tikki, Tikki, Tavi, KIPLING.

WILLIE'S DISCOVERIES

Problem : How to find the height of a tree or other tall object. Suppose you wanted to know which was taller, the flag pole on the school grounds or the tall telephone pole across the street. How would you find out?

Willie was a wide-awake boy. He liked to ask questions about all sorts of things and to try all sorts of experiments. Nothing made him happier than to discover some new fact for himself.

In the backyard of his home there was a tall hickory tree. He had spent many a happy hour playing in its shadow. More than once he had asked his mother how tall she thought the tree was. She answered by guessing, but Willie never felt very well satisfied with her guess. He wanted to know exactly, and wondered how he could find out.

One afternoon he ran into the house and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, I've found out. I've found out how tall Old Hickory is."

"How did you find out?" asked his mother, eager to know what new and wonderful thing her young son had discovered. "Tell me about it."

"It was this way, mother. I was looking at the clothes post and its shadow, and I wondered which was greater, the length of the shadow or the height

of the post. So I took my foot rule and measured them, and discovered that each was exactly six feet and six inches. Next I measured the gate post, and found the same thing to be true there. Then, I reasoned, if I measure the length of the shadow of Old Hickory, I shall get the height of the tree itself, and here it is—eighty-one feet and nine inches.”

“Very well done, my son. You have reasoned correctly. That is splendid! That’s a rule worth knowing. Now, since you are interested in measuring shadows, let me give you some other questions right along that line:

“1. What time of day was it when you made your measurements?

“2. Would the rule hold good an hour later?”

“3. If not, would there be an hour in the forenoon when the shadow and the tree would have the same lengths?

“4. At what time of day will the shadow be twice as long as the tree is tall?”

“Oh, mother!” shouted Willie, “that will keep me on the watch all day. But I’ll find out.” And he did.

—Mrs. E. M. Terry.

EXERCISE

Find the answers to the questions which Willie’s mother gave him to solve. Measure some tall object near the school by Willie’s method.

THE SCHOOL AQUARIUM

If your school has no aquarium, perhaps this story may suggest a plan by which one may be provided. Of course, a glass box is prettier, but a wooden tub will make a very satisfactory aquarium.

“There are more than thirty kinds of animals in this tub, without counting the small animals you can’t see with just your eyes.”

The speaker was a lad about ten years of age whose home was at The Dells of the Wisconsin River, and the tub was an ordinary wooden wash-tub which the school was using for an aquarium.

“How did you make this?” I asked. “Tell me about it.”

“Well, our teacher bought the tub, and we boys carried two pails of sand and washed it clean and spread it over the bottom. Then we went with our teacher to the mill pond on Saturday to get our specimens. We took along a net, a basket, and some pails.”

“And what did you get?”

“We pulled up some plants and grass by the roots and washed off the dirt; then we picked up a few moss covered rocks and later got some snails, clams, turtles, and pollywogs. I found one little turtle myself. There he is on that rock.

Then we carried all of them back and set these plants in the sand and put the animals in the tub."

"Who changes the water?"

"We don't have to change it, because the snails eat up the foul matter in it. It doesn't smell at all, you see, and we haven't changed the water since we first got it. We didn't get any fish the first time because they couldn't live before the plants began growing."

"What good do the plants do?"

"You see, fish and some other things in there have to breathe, just as we do, in order to get oxygen to make their blood pure; and these plants send oxygen into the water for the animals, and help to keep the water fresh and pure. When we put the snails in first, they wouldn't eat, and some of them died, but in about three days the others began crawling around just as that little fellow is doing now. He's eating the moss off the sides of the tub. The big pollywog eats moss, too. You can see where he has eaten.

"After the snails were working well and the plants growing nicely, we went again to the mill pond for minnows and crabs. The crab is down there now among the stones. He comes out about sundown and eats plants and angleworms. Here's a worm. Now watch! Satan! Satan! Satan! Pr-r-r-rt! See that?"

The crawfish or crab rose to the surface of the water and snatched the wriggling worm from the

boy's hand. Everyone of its nipper-like claws seized the anglerworm in a death grip. The crab was called Satan, the boy explained, because he had so many jaws to catch things.

"But the turtles are the most interesting. That one is a soft shell turtle which we got in the Wisconsin River. They are quick and wild and can stay under water longer than any of the others. Turtles swallow air instead of breathing. See that! See him come up and take a gulp! This little fellow is tame, see?"

Here my entertainer extended a brown hand to a small land turtle which, after a few stretches of its neck, walked up the boy's arm. Then the boy caught a fly, put it on the water, and set the turtle on a rock. In a moment the young turtle slid off the rock, seized the fly, and dived to the bottom where it leisurely devoured its victim. Turtles always drown their victims before they eat them.

In the tub were many other small creatures about which I would have gladly learned and about which my young friend would have been willing to instruct me, but it was time to go.

—Chester W. Smith.

Adapted from *A Summer of Saturdays*, by permission of S. Y. Gillan & Co., Publishers, Milwaukee, Wis.

HELPS TO STUDY

You will be given five minutes to read this story and answer five statements—which your teacher will give you.



BETTY ZANE

On a slip of paper make a brief statement of the bravest deed you ever knew a girl to do. See if you still think the same after reading this selection.

The first settlements in the United States were made along the Atlantic coast. Gradually some of the bolder spirits pushed westward and founded new homes beyond the Allegheny Mountains. The western fringe of settlements was called the frontier and the settlers were often called frontiersmen.

To protect the frontier, the government built a chain of forts at favorable places. One was located at Wheeling, West Virginia. The fort was enclosed by a picket fence eight feet high, made of logs driven into the ground and sharpened at

the top. At each corner was a blockhouse, built with port holes through which rifles could be fired to ward off an attack.

At the time of our story, Wheeling was only a village of twenty-five log houses. A man by the name of Zane had recently arrived with his family from Philadelphia. Of his several children, a daughter sixteen years of age was named Betty.

They had not been in their new home very long, when one morning Colonel Shepherd, in command of the fort, sent a messenger to the village with orders to hurry into the fort at once. Indians had been seen prowling about in a cornfield near by, and all signs pointed to an attack upon the village and the fort.

The settlers needed no urging. As soon as they were within the gates of the fort, they began preparations to meet the attack. A day passed and a night, but the expected attack did not come.

The next morning Colonel Shepherd sent out a scouting party of fourteen men to find out, if possible, the number and location of the Indians. The little band went bravely forth. Near the woods they came upon a large body of Indians. The little band fought bravely, but could do nothing against such tremendous odds. From the loop holes in the blockhouse, the soldiers saw their comrades shot down or tomahawked to the last man.

Their forces now reduced to twenty-six defend-

ers, and besieged by at least four hundred savages, the situation became desperate. Day after day the fight went on, women and boys working like real soldiers—standing guard, molding bullets, and firing the guns. No one dared to leave his post, for an attempt to burn the fort was expected at any moment.

The leader of the Indians was a rebel white man, a traitor, and a spy. One day he sent word to the fort under a flag of truce offering terms of peace.

Colonel Shepherd replied: "Tell your leader, never to him! Not while there is one American to fire a bullet."

The fight went on. Now only twelve fighting men were left, and, still worse, the powder was giving out. What was to be done? The nearest supply was in a cabin sixty feet from the gate. To venture out was certain death. To cease firing would be a clear notice to the Indians that the ammunition had run out. Several men volunteered to make the attempt.

Then up spoke Betty Zane. "I'll go," she said.

"Oh, no, you won't," said the Colonel. "You are not strong enough, or fast enough, and besides, it is too dangerous."

"But I am strong, Colonel Shepherd, and I don't mind the danger. If I am killed, it will not matter. You can't spare a man, so let me go and bring a keg of powder."

At last it was decided to let Betty make the attempt. The gate was slyly opened, and, before the Indians knew what had happened, the girl sped like a deer into the cabin. Then, wrapping her apron about the keg of powder, Betty started back. At once she was a target for the Indians. Shots fell all around her, but fortunately they went wild, and in a moment she was safe again within the gates.

Women wept, and kissed the maiden; men sobbed, and hugged the girl whose bravery had saved the fort and the lives of all within. Hope revived. They would fight till death!

But the very next morning help arrived, and the Indians were driven off without the loss of any more lives.

—*Ellen Skinner.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Ask a question on each paragraph. Be ready to question your classmates. Ask only that which is worth asking—something further you wish to know, or questions to test their ability to remember.

THINGS TO DO

1. Look up the word *blockhouse* in the dictionary. 2. Hunt up pictures of a blockhouse in reference books. 3. If possible, bring in a bullet mold and explain how bullets were made in early days.

Other Selections: *Colonial Days*, LUCIE D. WELSH; *Only a Girl*, BETTY ZANE; *Little American Historical Plays for Little Americans*, ELEANOR HUBBARD.

COLUMBUS

America, rightly, should be called Columbia, in honor of the man who **discovered** this country. Indeed, she is sometimes so called, **and** is pictured as a woman—Miss Columbia. Anyhow, Columbus, the discoverer, was a great hero and his story is one American boys and girls never tire of hearing.

Be prepared to make a list of all of the facts about Columbus which are new to you.

When Columbus was a little boy he lived in Genoa, Italy. That was about 500 years ago. His father was a comber of wool. He had his shop on the first floor, and his family lived upstairs. It must have been a queer old house. There was no chimney on it and, when cooking was going on, the smoke went out through open doors and windows. Naturally, the boy Columbus was not fond of the kitchen—not at cooking time.

Neither did he like his father's shop. It was dirty and greasy and had a bad smell. He did not want to be a wool comber, and told his father so.

The place he liked best was the great dock. There he loved to play and watch the ships sail in and out. He liked to see the cargoes loaded and unloaded. The stories the sailors told, of the strange lands they had visited and the curious

things they had seen, made the boy wish to become a sailor that he might see all of those wonderful sights for himself. He often listened for hours to their accounts of adventures with pirates, to their stories of shipwrecks, and fights with savages. To his boyish mind every sailor was a hero, and he, too, was determined to be one.

One time he read a book by Marco Polo. Polo was the greatest traveler of his time. He had been to the far East and had visited China. His book was an account of his wonderful adventures and the strange sights he had seen.

This book fired the boy's ambition more than anything he had ever read. After that, he read and studied every book he could find about geography and travel. He was fully resolved to become a sailor and to see the world for himself. At seventeen his wish was gratified.

Let us leave the young sailor, sailing up and down the coast of Africa, while we turn our attention to the times in which Columbus lived.

There were no free schools in those days. Very few people could read and write. Newspapers were unknown and books were few and costly. Even the better educated people had very narrow notions about geography. They thought the earth was flat; that a few miles from land the sea ended in darkness and was inhabited by frightful monsters; and that, if any ship should sail out too far, it would be swallowed up and never return. Of

course, no one had ever dreamed of our America.

There were a few wise men, however, who thought differently; who declared that the earth was round and that it was possible for a ship to sail around the world. Columbus, now grown to manhood, held these views, and often declared that, by sailing west, he could find a short route to India, that far off country where merchants obtained gold, silver and rich spices. In as much as these goods had to be carried overland on camels and mules, the expense was very heavy. If they could be carried in ships, much time and money would be saved. That was the way Columbus talked.

So sure did he feel that he was right and that he could reach India by water, that at length he made a globe and some charts and went before the King and Queen of Spain to prove his claims.

"If the earth is round," said he, "there must be two ways of reaching any point—by going east or by going west. The western route to India is the shorter. Will you give me a ship to try?"

The royal couple were much interested, but wanted more time to think over the plan which Columbus offered.

After many discouragements and the lapse of many months, Queen Isabella came to his aid. She furnished the money with which Columbus fitted out three small sailing vessels. With them he set sail, amidst a general shaking of heads and shed-

ding of tears. The friends of the sailors were certain they would never see the men again.

After the ships had been sailing for a month, without sighting land, the sailors became discouraged and wanted to return home. They were ignorant men, and thought Columbus was crazy. "If he will not return, let us throw him overboard," they cried, "and turn the boats about."

Fortunately, before real trouble broke out they began to see signs of land, and to take heart. They saw floating some seaweed, a branch with red berries, some sea birds, and a board carved by hand. Every eye was strained now to catch the first glimpse of land. Early one morning, one of the boats fired a gun as a sign that land was sighted.

As the ships neared the land, half-naked savages were seen on shore. Believing he had discovered India, Columbus and his followers landed and claimed the land in the name of the King. And the savages were, of course, called Indians.

When Columbus raised his flag, the savages gathered round to see what it all meant. They thought Columbus had come from heaven and that the ships were his great wings. Columbus gave them presents of red caps, glass beads, and pretty trinkets. They in turn brought him presents of fruits and flowers, gold, and bright colored parrots. He discovered the land to be an island and named it San Salvador. This important event took place on October 12, 1492.

After an absence of seven months, Columbus returned home. There was great rejoicing as the ships sailed into the harbor; bells rang, cannon boomed and crowds lined the shore to welcome home the great explorer.

Shortly afterwards, Columbus went to visit the King and Queen. Great crowds lined the streets. In the parade marched Columbus and his followers, and with them some painted Indians, wearing feathers and gold ornaments; next came the sailors carrying parrots and bright colored birds in cages and leading animals the people had never seen before. It was a great parade and a great Columbus day. The King and Queen paid him honor. It was the proudest hour of his life. He had set out to discover a new route to India. He returned, the discoverer of America.

—R. J. Boyle.

HELPS TO STUDY

Name: 1. The things the boy Columbus liked. 2. The things he did not like. 3. The kind of books he liked to read. 4. The kind of people with whom he liked to talk. 5. The ideas common people had about the earth and the sea. 6. The ideas Columbus and the wise men had about the earth. 7. Four signs of land seen from the ship. 8. Presents given by Columbus to the Indians and those he received in return.

Other Selections: *A First Book in American History*, EGGLESTON; *American History Stories*, BLAISDELL and BALL; *The Boy Columbus*, W. F. GORDY; *Sail On*, JOAQUIN MILLER; *Marco Polo*, E. ATHERTON; *Crusoe's Island*, OBER.

THE CARE OF THE EYES

Exercise. As you read, check any of these rules which you have seen broken.

1. While reading let plenty of light—from the left—shine on your book. If left-handed, let light shine from the right while writing.

2. Dim light and glaring light make the eyes tired and weak. Use light that is agreeable to the eyes.

3. Avoid fine print, blurred letters, and shiny paper; they are sure to strain the eyes.

4. Sit erect and place your book or paper about twelve to fifteen inches from the eyes.

5. Be sure to consult your doctor if you have headache, dizziness or a tired feeling; they may come from eye-strain.

6. Rest your eyes when tired. Do not strain them.

7. Let the doctor treat your eyes. You cannot do it yourself.

8. If the doctor tells you to wear glasses, wear them.

—*School Health Service.*

Other Selections; Eye Troubles, Emergencies, Dangers to Eyesight, Good Health, GULICK.

DRYING APPLES

Our grandmothers were always busy. Sometimes it was preparing food for winter use, sometimes it was spinning and weaving cloth for the family. Play you are a little girl in grandmother's days and do just what the following paragraph tells you to do. Compare your dried fruit with some that you buy at the store.

Take sound, ripe apples. Pare them and quarter them, taking out the core. Divide each of these quarters into halves or thirds. Place the pieces on a plate or wooden frame and keep them in the sun, for sun-dried fruit is said to be the best. Keep the pan or drying frame covered with netting to protect the fruit from flies and other insects. When dried, pack the fruit away in bags or cans for winter use.

Another method used by our great grandmothers was this: The apples, quartered and cored, were strung like beads on a string which was hung from the rafters in the kitchen just above the great open fireplace. Here were dried, also, vegetables, red peppers, peaches, and various other fruits.

—*From Baltimore Stories*
By Isobel Davidson

Other Selections: Gemila, *Seven Little Sisters*, ANDREWS;
How We Are Fed, CHAMBERLAIN; *Pioneer Life*, BASS.

MAKING JELLY

Some children made jelly one day. This tells just what they did. Perhaps you would like to try making jelly, too. Your success will depend largely upon your ability to read and follow directions. Try it.

Take six, sound, ripe apples. Wash them thoroughly. Then pare, quarter, and core each apple with great care. Cut them into thin slices and put into a saucepan. Add one-half as much water as fruit and cook until soft. Remove from the fire. Pour the contents into a jelly bag made of cheese cloth and allow the juice to drip through. To the juice add sugar as follows: A pound of sugar to a pint of juice. Boil over a slow fire until the liquid thickens. Take a little out in a dish, let it cool, and when thick enough, remove the saucepan from the fire and pour the jelly into jelly glasses. A bit of geranium or mint leaf may be used to add flavor. Sometimes another fruit juice is combined with apple to change its color and flavor. When the jelly is stiff, seal the glass with paraffin. Make a label, "Apple Jelly," and paste it on the glass.

—Cook Book.

Other Selections: *When Mother Lets Us Cook*, CONSTANCE JOHNSON; *In These Days*, HALLOCK; *Any Cook Book*.



A WAGON TRIP

Problem: Find out how settlers got into our western states before the days of railroads and bridges.

It was the “story hour” of the day. All work was laid aside and we sat back in our seats ready for a treat. Our teacher was a man past middle life and a traveler who had seen a great deal of the world. For the “story hour” he sometimes read to us a tale of adventure or perhaps told us of his travels. To-day’s story was taken from his own diary.

“Fifty years ago,” he began, “Nebraska was part of the western frontier. It was a wild, open country just as it came from the hand of nature. There were only a few towns scattered here and there; and, as for railroads, wagon roads, bridges, and other improvements,—there were none.

“Settlers were coming into this new state, however, in large numbers—coming in ‘prairie schoon-

ers—as the covered wagons were called. There was no other way, and that was the way I came. I was a lad then like some of you, but I remember every happening of the trip as though it were yesterday.

“My boyhood home was at Fremont, Ohio, and our family consisted of father, mother, little sister, and myself. There was frequent talk at our fireside of ‘going west,’ as it was called,—of moving to one of the western states and taking up a homestead. A homestead was one hundred sixty acres of prairie land given free to any one who would settle upon it and make it his home.

“Nearly every winter some of the homesteaders returned on a visit, and from them father learned all he could about life on the prairies. One such visitor described for us his sod house. It was a little cabin half above ground, with one small window and a door, and the whole thing covered with chunks of sod. In this rude hut he lived comfortably summer and winter with only his dog for a companion. It seems very odd now, but such houses were common in the early days of this state.

“So it came about, after much talking and planning, that we decided to try our fortune in the new country. Some years before, a company of neighbors had made a settlement at Fremont, Nebraska, so to Fremont we would go; the name had a familiar, homelike sound.

“Our party consisted of a train of seven covered wagons into which seven families with their household goods and the women and children were packed. Walking alongside or riding on extra horses came the men and larger boys.

“Our own wagon had a seat on the front end. Beneath the foot rest was a box of chickens. At the rear were led an extra horse and one milk cow. Bowser trotted along underneath the wagon, and little sister was allowed to carry Tabby in her arms. We took turns at driving, and I was always proud to take my turn.

“The first night out, we camped at the roadside near a wood. Father built a fire and, while mother prepared the supper, milked the cow and looked after the horses. Then we made our beds between the camp fire and the wagon, and lay down to sleep. Nothing disturbed our slumber except the hooting of a curious screech owl in a tall tree across the road.

“Early the next morning the camp fire was built up again, breakfast prepared and eaten, and our journey continued. This program with slight changes was followed day after day. We did not hurry because we knew we had a long, hard journey ahead of us and, therefore, we must be careful of our horses. At noon we rested the animals about two hours.

“Our camps were usually made beside a spring or stream where we could get water for ourselves

and the animals. As for food, we carried some. of course, but shot game along the way whenever possible. Well do I remember the first time I went off with some older boys to hunt prairie chickens. Our wagons had all stopped for the midday meal and rest. Near us was a field of oats in the shock. We had not gone far through the stubble, when Bowser spied a flock of prairie chickens. We crept up as closely as we could and, when the birds rose, the boys fired. Three birds fell at the first shot. We kept on. The field seemed to be fairly alive with chickens. Before long we had seven—one for each family. Oh, what a feast! prairie chicken with dumplings and gravy. We had a regular picnic dinner. Strange to say, nobody was in a hurry to leave until the last morsel was eaten.

“Of course we bought some supplies from the towns through which we passed, but vegetables and feed we got from the farmers along the way. They were unusually kind and generous, seldom taking pay for their produce. One day we halted in front of a farm house in northern Indiana to see if we could get some apples. The farmer had a large orchard and the ground was covered with nice red apples. Father went to the house. Here, as everywhere along our way, the first question the farmer asked was, ‘Where are you from?’ When father said ‘From Fremont, Ohio,’ the farmer grabbed him by the hand and exclaimed,

'Fremont, that's my old home!' Although the farmer had never heard of us before, he was so glad to see people from his old home that he treated us as old friends and, on leaving, loaded us down with good things to eat.

"Most of the rivers had to be forded. It was before the day of bridges. If the river had a good gravel bottom, we drove right in without fear; but if the stream was muddy, we would not venture in except with four horses to a wagon. It was always fun to see Bowser perform. He didn't like the water very well and would wait just as long as he dared before trying it. Back and forth on the shore he would run, barking and whining until, all of a sudden, in he would plunge and swim rapidly after the wagon.

"Twice we came to streams swollen by recent rains, and were obliged to wait a day before crossing. The larger streams were crossed in ferry-boats, the ferry-man taking one team and wagon on his boat at a time until all were across.

"After six weeks of traveling we came into sight of the Mississippi River. I shall never forget my first sight of that stream, over a mile wide, moving onward and ever onward to the ocean. We camped that night by the 'Father of Waters' and the next morning were taken across on a steam ferry large enough to carry us all, and Bowser too, on one trip. It was my first ride on a steamboat.

"On the Iowa side was a little town called Clin-

ton. After buying more supplies we struck out on a trail across the prairies for the West. Wood had to be carried along, as it was not always easy to find firewood when wanted.

“We were camped one night in a little grove and were just getting ready to make our beds, when some men came riding into camp on ponies. By the flare of our camp fires, we saw that they were Indians. At once, the men grabbed their guns and the women and children ran with fright behind the wagons. Father stepped boldly up and asked the Indians what they wanted. One, who could speak a little English, made him understand that he wanted some tea and tobacco. When these were given to them, the Indians rode away as silently as they had come. But for our party there was little sleep; every man stood guard all night and, when morning came, we discovered an Indian camp on the other side of the woods. We left without making the acquaintance of any more of them.

“It was while crossing western Iowa that we caught sight of our first buffalo. To the north of our trail several miles, a small herd was feeding. We halted for the day and some of the men started for the herd on horseback. But their horses were too tired. Although they followed the shaggy beasts several miles, they could not overtake them, and returned to camp empty-handed. In the afternoon our hunters, roaming over the hills

along a stream to the south of us, were successful in bringing down a fine deer. The fresh meat was a great treat for the whole camp.

“Wild animals were abundant. Besides buffaloes and deer, there were antelopes, wolves, coyotes, badgers, and prairie dogs. We never lacked for something to hunt, and nearly every midday, while the horses were resting, tried our skill as hunters.

“At last we were on Nebraska soil. Oh, the prairies, the boundless prairies! On and on we traveled until Fremont was reached and our journey ended. Friends welcomed us and took us into their own houses until our new shanties, fifteen miles out on the prairies, could be built and made ready. In this way much of Nebraska was settled as, indeed, were most of the western states.”

—J. A. HARLEY.

THINGS TO DO

Divide the class into four groups and let them work as follows:

1. Find pictures illustrating the land of the Mississippi Valley, prairies and plains, of fifty or more years ago.
2. Find pictures showing ways of travel in early pioneer days. Show a wagon train crossing the prairies.
3. Find pictures showing middle western pioneer life—homes, Indians, widely scattered farms, roads, etc.
4. Find pictures of animals, of woods and open prairies.

Other Selections: Travel, STEVENSON; Buffalo, THOMPSON SETON.

ALL SATISFIED

You will be given two minutes for reading this selection. When you have finished, close your book and think through the story. Be prepared to answer ten questions, which your teacher will give you, similar to those at the end of the story. Each correct answer will count ten.



IN the Far East once dwelt a father with three dutiful sons. Wherever the father went he took his sons with him, and there was never any trouble in the household.

At length the father came to die, and, after the manner of his country, divided his property among his three sons. Of houses and lands he had none; of gold and silver, none; but of horses he had seven and ten, the finest in all that country. They were graceful, gentle, and fleet of foot. Next to his sons the father loved his horses. Money could not buy them while he was living and, at his passing away, he asked each son to kneel at his bedside and solemnly promise never, never to part with the beautiful animals.

Now the terms of the father's will were these: to the eldest son he gave one-half of his horses; to the next son, one-third; and to the youngest, one-ninth of the whole herd.

When the sons met to divide the herd of horses they were greatly troubled and perplexed. The more they argued the worse the case grew. "How can I take one-half of seventeen horses?" said the eldest, "and not cut one horse in twain."

"And I," said the second son, "how can I take away one-third of seventeen horses and leave them all alive? But such was my father's will."

"Mercy!" exclaimed the youngest son, "I fain would do my father's bidding and that means, as I figure it, two live horses for my share."

Thus the trouble began. The three brothers had worked themselves into a bitter quarrel, and were about to come to blows, when a holy man came riding by and inquired the cause of the trouble. Upon being informed of the terms of the father's will, he offered to act as judge in the case. To this the brothers agreed, and then the holy man spoke:

"Let my poor steed be added to the herd." This was done and the eighteen horses brought before him.

"Now let the eldest son lead away one-half of the herd," was the first command. He promptly obeyed and led forth nine horses.

"Let the second son take one-third as his share," continued the judge. And straightway the second son called six noble horses to his side.

"There yet remains the youngest son," said the judge, "and to him I award two horses as his share by his father's will."

“Most noble judge!” exclaimed one of the sons.
 “Right well hast thou judged our case. Now
 name thy reward.”

“I will take all the horses that are left,” said
 the holy man, and away he rode on his own horse.

—A HINDU TALE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What other title could you give this story? (A Problem in Arithmetic.) (A Fair Division.) (Settling a Dispute.) 2. What words show or tell us that this is an old story? 3. What did the holy man receive for helping to settle the dispute? 4. What other words, than the following, would you probably have used in telling the story—reward, requested, perplexed, informed? 5. Use these in sentences both orally and in writing, telling about some present day happening.

THINGS TO DO

1. Find another arithmetical problem or puzzle to give to the class. 2. Make a collection of puzzles and riddles for a rainy day afternoon.

Other Selections: The Miller, His Son, and Donkey, *Children's Classics in Dramatic Form*, ALEXANDER.

A MEMORY TEST

Read the following stanza once, close the book, and repeat it all from memory.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
 'Tis only noble to be good.
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

—Tennyson.

HOW TO MAKE A BUTTERFLY

The selection which follows gives careful directions for making a toy butterfly. As you read it, keep in mind the materials needed. Keep in mind just how the toy is to be made and at the close be prepared to tell how to make it.

Obtain an empty thread spool from mother. Into one end, about one-eighth of an inch from the hole of the spool and directly opposite each other, hammer two brads. Allow them to stick up a little more than an eighth of an inch. With a file cut off the heads.

Pound out the side of a tin can so that it is flat. Using an old worn pair of scissors, cut out a piece of tin shaped like a propeller. The illustration gives you a good idea of the shape. The propeller should be about four and one-fourth inches long and the blades at the widest part should be about one and one-fourth inches wide.

Make two small holes in the propeller so it fits loosely over the brads. A nail may be used as a punch. Be careful to punch the holes exactly midway from end to end and directly opposite each other. Bend the blades of the propeller as shown in the illustration.

Place a common nail through the hole in the spool. Wrap a piece of string about thirty inches

long tightly around the spool. Place the propeller on the brads. Hold the spool at arm's length. Pull hard on the string. As the spool and propeller revolve, the propeller will rise from the brads into the air. Help it along with a slight toss of your arm. The propeller will go sailing up and away in an astonishing manner.

"Butterfly races" are good summer pastimes. Make a "butterfly" and see what happens.

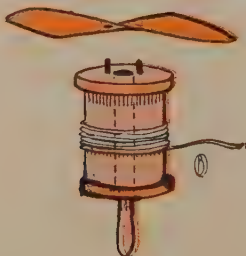
—J. H. Millar.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. List the things you will need in order to make a butterfly.
2. Reread the selection paying attention to the directions for making the butterfly.
3. As you construct this toy, be sure that all the parts are exactly as large as the directions call for.

THINGS TO DO

1. Select two captains. Choose sides and have a butterfly race.
2. Hold a butterfly exhibition. Score the butterflies, and give the first prize to the pupil who has most closely followed the directions given above in making his toy butterfly.



HOW BIRDS PROTECT TREES

Gather proof from this story that birds are of great benefit to man.

Trees are so alive with their busy insect-people that they are like great hotels. Like hotel rooms, there is a choice between the light outside ones and the dark inside ones. The outside ones are in cracks in the bark; here, in the fall, visiting moths stow away their eggs in snug winter bed-chambers. Sleepy butterfly children, also, wind themselves in their silken covers and rest quietly till spring calls them to unfold their wings and seek the flowers.

Beneath the bark, in the inside rooms, live the wood borers, and up and down the long hallways boring ants run busily to and fro.

In the spring the eggs, left in the bark, hatch into hungry little worms, and thousands of these new guests climb up the airy roof gardens of the tree-hotels to dine in the green banquet halls on fruit and leaves. Indeed, so many hungry insect folk board in the tree-hotels and live on the wood and leaves, that if no bound were put on their work, the boarders would quite eat up their hotels.

One small wood borer alone can kill a great tree, and thousands of hungry worms and insects are always at work in our shade trees.

Wood ants find the holes the borers have made and go on from them, tunneling deeper and deeper into the heart of the trees until they have honey-combed the timber with their galleries. Anyone who goes to the woods can see their work. Did you never find a pile of sawdust at the foot of a tree, or see a streak of the dust on the bark? That is the work of the wood ants; and while you watch, one of the little black workmen will often come out of the hole in the bark, drop its load of dust, and hurry back inside for more. The poor trees suffer sorely, but, fortunately, there are hungry birds as well; and the birds, knowing full well that the trees are their best dining places, flock to them eagerly.

The woodpeckers spend most of their time chiseling through the bark for insects which are so well hidden in the wood that only such sharp bills and such barbed tongues as the woodpeckers' can reach them. In winter they join the cheery chickadees, searching here and there over the crannies of the bark for insect eggs. The champion egg-hunter thinks nothing of eating five thousand eggs a day.

Besides the special bark and wood birds that run over the trunk and branches, protecting the body of the tree, there are other birds that guard its head and feet.

Every country boy knows how mice girdle the apple trees, gnawing the bark just below the snow

in winter. They do so much harm that we should often have to go without apples if it were not for the hawks and owls. These birds are great mousers, and work night and day to save the orchards.

The tree top protectors are more numerous than any of the other tree birds and when the leaves come out in spring these feathered soldiers fall to work with a will.

When an army of insects descends upon an orchard or grove, baring the trees of leaves, nearly all the birds in the whole neighborhood come to the rescue. And so the birds work all through the year—the tree trunk birds and owls in winter and the tree top birds in summer—all working to protect the trees which insects are trying to destroy.

—*Florence A. Merriam.*

Courtesy of A. W. Mumford Co.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How are trees like hotels? 2. Who are the unwelcome guests? Why unwelcome? 3. Who are the welcome guests? Why is each welcomed by the tree? 4. Why should birds be protected? How can this best be done?

THINGS TO DO

1. Form a bird club and study the birds of your neighborhood from the standpoint of what they do to assist the farmer and gardener. 2. List names of birds observed and what each was doing to help.

Other Selections: First Book of Birds; Second Book of Birds, O. T. MILLER; Trees Every Child Should Know, STARK.

GEORGE STEPHENSON

This is the story of a boy who was always interested in machinery. When he became a man, he invented a wonderful machine of the greatest value to mankind. Guess what it was. Write down your guess. Compare it with the facts in the story. At the close of the exercise, place on the board the list of machines guessed by the class.

George Stephenson was the name of a Scotch lad who learned to work and think at the same time. His parents were very poor and George was obliged at an early age to work in the coal mines to help support the family and himself.

George never went to school, and did not learn to read and write until after he was married. But the lad was not ignorant, for while he worked he kept thinking and planning to see if a better way could not be found for doing some of the heavy work at the mine.

Day after day and year after year, George had toiled away in the coal mines. The coal was hoisted from the mine by means of a Fulton steam engine. To George this engine and its work were the most interesting things in the world. On every occasion, he visited the engine and studied its workings. His one ambition was to become an engineer. And one day the opportunity came.

The mine boss, observing George's intense interest in the engine said, "My lad, you seem to enjoy watching that engine work."

"Yes, sir," replied George politely.

"How should you like to become an engineer?" asked the boss.

"Better than anything in the world, sir," answered George, as his eyes opened wide.

"Very well," said the boss, "you shall be an apprentice to the engineer at once, and, when you have mastered the engine, you shall take his place at the mine."

It was the happiest day of his life. His dream had come true. So closely did George apply himself to his new task that he soon understood every part of the engine, and at length was given charge of the hoist.

In those days all of the coal mined, had to be hauled away on carts. There were no railroads or steamships, and the wagon roads were so poor that coal was hauled with the greatest difficulty.

"If an engine can be made to hoist coal out of the ground," George said to himself, "why can't one be made to draw it over the ground?" That was the question George kept pondering day by day as he toiled at the mine.

By and by, his ideas of a locomotive engine began to take form. George was a grown man now. He fitted up a shop where he spent all of his spare time studying and experimenting with his new en-

gine. At last the locomotive was finished. A track was laid and the "Rocket," as the new invention was called, made her trial trip.

Crowds of curious people gathered to see the sight. Busy-bodies were there who shook their heads and wagged their tongues. But George Stephenson neither saw nor heeded them. When all was ready, he opened the throttle and the "Rocket" moved off amidst the wildest tumult.

George Stephenson's locomotive was able to make a speed of only twenty miles an hour, but it was sufficient to win for the inventor a prize of one thousand dollars. Encouraged now by his success, Stephenson began the manufacture of locomotives, and soon became the greatest manufacturer of his time.

From the tiny "Rocket" to the giant "Moguls" of to-day is a long story, but the "Mogul" was made possible because a coal-boy, one hundred years ago, put thought into his work.

—*The Boy Mechanic.*

QUESTIONS

1. Where did Stephenson live? Where are the coal mines in Scotland?
2. Was George doing anything that you might call studying?
3. What chance was given to him by the mine boss to follow his interest?
4. What problem did he find and how did he solve it?
5. What prize did the inventor win?
6. What helped Stephenson to succeed?

Other Selections: Stories of Inventions, FARIS; Days and Deeds a Hundred Years Ago, STONE and FICKETT.

A PIONEER'S THANKSGIVING

Learn why the author calls this Thanksgiving the finest one he had ever known. Be prepared to give his reasons. It may aid you to make a list of the points as you read paragraph by paragraph.



WHEN Thanksgiving comes round, the Lowden family always comes together in the old homestead, where Grandmother and Grandfather Lowden still live. It is a large family, with many sons

and daughters and grandsons and granddaughters; and they are widely scattered. Some of the members live in the city, some in the country; but wherever they are, when the great day comes, they go back to the old farm, and when they have eaten the big dinner, all except the nuts and raisins, some one of the children is sure to say, "Now, grandfather, the story!" And grandfather laughs, and says, "Pooh! You have all heard that story till you know it by heart."

But they protest. They have forgotten just how it happened, or they do not remember what it was that the Indian did; and so at last grandfather says, "Well, if you must have it, here it is," and he tells this story:

“I was a boy then, twelve years old, and my sister Ellen was only fourteen. Father had come into the wilderness and started to clear this farm when I was three years old. He had built a log house and a log stable, and had cleared enough land to raise good crops of wheat, corn, potatoes, and other vegetables. Neighbors had taken up land below us, and there was one family above, but the nearest house was a mile away. The log cabin that we lived in stood right where this house stands. Father put it here because of the fine spring of water.

“We had had a good summer that year, and the little hole under the house that we called a cellar was full of vegetables and the stable loft filled with grain. From the beams of the kitchen hung hams and bacon from our own hogs, and strings of apples were drying. By Thanksgiving time everything was ready for the winter, even to the great banking of dry leaves around the house, to keep it warm.

“The day before Thanksgiving mother had been making soap in the great iron kettle hung over a fire outdoors. In the middle of the night we were all awakened by the barking of old Ben, our dog, and when I sat up in bed, I saw that the room was light as day. For a moment I couldn't tell what the matter was, but it didn't take long to see that the house was on fire. One end was already burning fiercely, and the blaze was leaping higher ev-

ery minute. It had started outside. Probably the embers of the soap-making fire had come to life in the night wind, and blown into the banking of leaves.

“Father had just time to snatch blankets from the beds and wrap them around my mother and my sister and me, and hurry us out into the cold night. It was useless to try to save the house. The only water was that in the spring, and there were only two or three pails to carry it in. We did what we could, but the fire soon drove us back, and in a little while the house was only a pile of glowing coals.

“We had been so busy watching and fighting the fire that we had given no thought to the stable, which was behind the house, but by and by I heard a crackling, and looked and saw the roof all ablaze. Father and I got out the two horses and the cow, but the building we could not save; and so, on Thanksgiving morning, we stood, wrapped in blankets, with neither a roof over our heads nor any food. My mother and sister were crying, but my father spoke only once, and said, ‘The Lord will provide.’

“It was just getting light enough in the morning to see, when out of the woods behind the spot where the house had stood a figure came. I could not see who it was, except that he was a man, and that he had something on his back. He walked straight to where we stood, and threw down in

front of my poor father the load he was carrying.

“Then we saw that it was old Sebattus, an Indian, whom father had found lying with a broken leg beside the trail a year or two before. Father had brought him home, set the leg, and kept him till he was able to travel back again. The load that he had thrown down was a hind quarter of venison and six partridges, and about a peck of parched corn in a little sack. While we all stared at him, the old man straightened up, and said, ‘How! Sebattus see fire and know, so he come. By and by come again.’ Then he turned and went back into the woods.

“That was the finest Thanksgiving that I ever remember, and the best dinner. We cut slices from the venison and broiled them over a fire built against the big rock out here in the yard. The partridges father rolled in soft clay, until the clay covered them all over, and then baked them in the ashes. When he raked them out and cracked open the balls of clay, each one contained a bird that was cooked as tender and juicy as any that your grandmother can cook in the oven of the range. The parched corn we ate for dessert.

“All those things I remember, but best of all I remember what father had said when we sat down to eat. He told us what the day meant, and how thankful we ought to be. And then he made a prayer of thanksgiving that was the most beautiful that I have ever heard.

“The Lord did provide, as father said He would. Neighbors came from far and near,—some of them fifteen miles,—and before the snow flew they had helped us put up another log cabin, and had filled it with provisions, and the next year father built this house.”

—*E. W. Frentz.*

THINGS TO DO

Gather in a circle and select a boy to tell grandfather's story.

Other Selections: Polly, the Pioneer, NIDA; Colonial Stories, The Century Company; Colonial Children, PRATT; Cranberries, DAVIDSON; Thanksgiving Prayer, ANONYMOUS; The Twenty-first Psalm, BIBLE; Thanksgiving Day, LYDIA MARIA CHILD; Thanksgiving, EUGENE FIELD; The First Thanksgiving, Little American Historical Plays for Little Americans, ELEANOR HUBBARD.

WORD ANALYSIS

“Mis” is a prefix and means wrong, ill, unlike; “out” is a prefix and means from, beyond, more; “per” is a prefix and means through, by, for. Tell the meanings of:

mistake	outdo	perhaps
mislead	outside	perform
mischief	outtalk	perforate
miscreant	outvote	perfect
misgive	outwear	perish
misfit	outstretch	permit
misdeal	outweigh	peruse
mislay	outshine	pervade
misdeed	outrun	persuade



THE BIGGEST DONKEY

Often in story books some animal tells the story in his own words. Here a donkey is the speaker. See if you can find out who was the biggest donkey.

All winter I had no one to take care of me. I had to live in the forest, where I found scarcely enough to keep me from dying of hunger and thirst.

When spring came I went one day to a village on the edge of the forest. I was surprised to find quite a disturbance there. People were walking up and down; everybody had on his Sunday clothes, and, what was stranger still, all the donkeys in the neighborhood seemed to be there. They were sleek and fat, their heads were decorated with flowers and leaves, and not one of them was in harness or had a rider.

I trotted up to see if I could find out what all this was about. Suddenly one of the boys who

was standing there, shouted, "Oh, I say, look here! Here's a fine donkey!"

"My word!" said another, "How clean he is, and how fat and well fed!" and they roared with laughter.

"I suppose he has come to run in the donkey race," said a third, "but he won't win the prize! No fear!"

I was very much annoyed by these rude jokes and personal remarks, but I thought I should enjoy taking part in the race, so I listened again.

"Where are they going to run?" asked an old dame who had just come up.

"In the meadow by the mill," said a man named Andrew.

"How many donkeys are there?" asked the old woman.

"Sixteen, Mother Evans, and the one that comes in first will win a silver watch and a bag of money."

"Oh, deary me!" said Mother Evans. "I do wish I had a donkey, I should so like to have a watch. I've never had the money to buy one."

I liked the looks of the old woman; I was justly proud of my running; I had been so long in the forest that I was not too fat, as some of the prize donkeys were; and so I thought I would take part in the race. I trotted up to the others and took my place among them, and then, to attract attention, I opened my mouth and brayed loudly.

"Oh, you stop that!" cried out a man named Bill. "Hi, you there, donkey, you just stop that music, will you? and get out of there! You can't run, you shabby brute! and besides, you don't belong to anybody."

I held my tongue, but I didn't budge an inch. Some laughed; others were getting angry, when Old Mother Evans said:

"Well, he can have me for his mistress. I'll take him into my service from this minute. So now he can run for me."

"Well," said Bill, "do as you like, mother, only if you want him to run, you've got to put a quarter into the bag the Squire has yonder."

"All right, my dear," said Mother Evans. She hobbled off to where the Squire was sitting and paid her subscription into the bag.

"Very good," said the Squire. "Put Mrs. Evans' name down, Richard."

So the clerk put down my new mistress's name. We were all drawn up in a line in the meadow. The Squire said:

"One, two, three, and away!" The boys who held the donkeys let them go, and away we galloped as hard as we could, while the crowd cheered.

The sixteen donkeys had not gone one hundred yards before I was in front of them all, an easy first. I thought I would beat them all now, at any rate, and I flew along as if I had wings. I passed

proudly before the winning post, not only first, but a long way ahead of all the rest, amid loud cheers from those who had no donkeys in the race.

The Squire sat at a table to give away the prizes. Mother Evans, who was almost beside herself with delight, stroked and patted me, and led me up to the table to receive the first prize.

“Here, my good woman,” said the Squire; and he was going to hand the watch and the bag of money to the old woman.

“Please, Squire, it isn’t fair!” cried Bill and Andrew. “That donkey doesn’t really belong to Mother Evans any more than it does to us! Our donkeys really got in first, not counting this one. The watch and money ought to be ours. It isn’t fair!”

“Did Mrs. Evans pay her quarter into the bag?” said the Squire.

“Well, Squire, she did—”

“Did any of you object to her doing so at the time?” asked the Squire.

“Well, no, Squire, but—”

“Did you raise any objections when the donkeys were just going to start?”

“Well, no, sir, but—”

“Very well, then. It’s all perfectly fair, and Mrs. Evans gets the watch and bag of money.”

“Please, sir, it isn’t fair, it isn’t fair! You—”

When I heard this, I at once put my head down on the table, and taking up the watch and bag in

my teeth, put them into Mother Evans's hands. This action on my part made the people roar with laughter, and won for me thunders of applause.

"There!" said the Squire. "The donkey has decided in favor of Mother Evans; and," he added, with a smile, looking at Bill and Andrew, "I don't think he is the biggest donkey present!"

"Good for you!" was shouted on all sides. And every one began to laugh at Andrew and Bill, who went away looking cross and ill-tempered.

And was I pleased? No, not at all. My pride was hurt. The Squire had been very rude to me. It was too much.

I refused to stay in a place where I was so insulted, and I turned tail and trotted away from such an ignorant set of people.

—*Madame De Segar.*

HELPS TO STUDY

Use other words in the phrases in place of the ones in Italics:

quite a *disturbance*, *ill-tempered*, thunders of *applause*, raise any *objections*, *refused* to stay, paid her *subscription*, an *ignorant* set, was *shouted* on all sides.

1. Are you satisfied with the judge's decision? Why?
2. Why did the donkey feel insulted?
3. Where do you find a bit of humor in this story?
4. Pick out the names of those who play the principal parts in this story.

Other Selections: The Story of a Donkey, MADAM DE SEGAR; The Arab and the Camel, HINDU TALE; All Satisfied.

FROM FOREST TO LUMBER YARD

If you have ever visited a lumber yard, what do you remember best? Anything that you saw? Anything that you smelled? Anything that you touched? As you read this story, which tells of a visit to the local lumber yard, compare your experience with that of these children and their teacher. Make an outline of the main points in this story and compare the two, that is, compare what you may have seen in a lumber yard with what these children saw.

“Yesterday we walked through the lumber yard where lumber was piled up in tiers. Some piles were ready to be loaded upon cars and shipped to other parts of the country; other piles were being dried by the sun and wind—“sun-cured,” I should like to call it. Do you know what happens if lumber is used when it is green, or not well dried?”

“It warps or cracks. In houses built of lumber not thoroughly dried, the doors and windows often do not fit, and cracks appear,” said John.

“Sometimes the boards in the floor warp and instead of a smooth, even flooring, you may stub your toe on the unexpected hump. I did this the other day in school,” said Mabel, “and almost fell headlong.”

“Did you notice the different kinds of lumber in the yard?”

“Yes, hard and soft woods were there in different piles, such as maple, pine, oak, walnut, and birch. The oak and walnut are hard wood and dark in color; the others are soft, and light yellow in tone.”

“In many parts of the country are large forests of different kinds; pines in the far north; maples, oaks, birches, and lindens in the north and west; the redwoods in California and Oregon; and yellow pine, gum wood, and cypress in the south.”

“I have heard of trees so large that you can drive a wagon through the trunk,” said James.

“Through a hole in the trunk,” laughed John.

“Yes, these are the famous redwoods of California; the wood is a beautiful red color. Many of them are large enough to have a small room cut within the trunk. A whole family could stay in the room, just as the squirrel family stays in its cozy nest. You will want to read more about the tall trees of California.”

“I have a picture of the redwoods of California. I’ll bring it to school to-morrow,” added Laura.

“Do so,” said the group leader.

“It is a long story from the forest to the lumber pile, isn’t it? Think of the years and years—from the tiny seedling to the great tree. Think of the men and machines employed to bring the tree to us ready for the carpenter, the joiner, and the cabinet maker to use in making useful articles.”

"I once went to see an exhibit of woods from all parts of the world. There was mahogany with its bright, satin finish; ebony, black as jet; koa with its glow of harnessed sunshine; cocoanut, with its mottled fibres; rosewood with its loveliness—all from the hot lands; cherry, with its red tint; holly, all pure white; maple, pine, poplar, birch in lovely soft yellows; walnuts in gray and darker shades; cedar and gum wood in brown; and many more samples from the countries not so hot."

"How can you know different woods?" asked John.

"A person who handles lumber a good deal tells by the grain of the wood, as it is called. He knows, too, by the hardness, or the softness of the wood. Sometimes he knows it by the odor. You know cedar and sandalwood at once by the odor. You can usually know pine by its odor, its softness, the color, and the grain. Sometimes the color is quite enough to help you to know the right name."

"I have still another way," added John. "I can tell certain woods by the taste. That's the way I tell apple, cherry, and elm wood. I like to chew the bark of these trees, especially the white elm."

"My father works in a factory where he can get all kinds of wood samples. I will ask him to get us some, and we can learn to know some of the different kinds of wood," suggested Mabel.

"Let us make a collection of wood samples and label them," said John.

"Yes, let's do it!" said the boys and girls.

"Bring at least one sample to-morrow and know its name, and its most common use," said the group leader.

And they did!

—Henry Johnson.

THINGS To Do

1. Make a list of the trees in your neighborhood. Put an "X" after the hard ones and an "O" after the soft woods.
2. Answer the following questions: a. What kind of lumber is used in building houses? For inside work? b. How does the sun and the wind help to prepare lumber for use? c. How can one usually tell hard and soft woods apart? d. Name the largest trees in the world. Where do they grow?

3. Take your Geography book. Look in the index for the word *lumbering*. Note the pages given under this heading. Turn to the pages indicated to see if you can find how maple sap is obtained from maple trees and how it is made into maple sugar. As soon as you are ready to tell the rest of the class, close your book and stand. 4. Using your Geography book again, find out in what parts of North America lumber is manufactured. 5. What cities have many lumber mills? 6. Find from what parts of North America we get pine lumber, oak, maple, redwood, yellow pine, gum wood, cypress. 7. Bring to class samples of the different kinds of woods mentioned in this story.

Other Selections: The Lumber Story, BASSETT; Lumber, Stories of Industry, Vol II, CHASE and CLOW; Homemade Toys; At The Wagon Works.

HENRI'S LUMP OF COAL

Did you ever hear anyone say, "This is my lucky day!" or "I have a lucky stone!"? Here is a story of a Lump of Coal which was kept for "good luck". Read to find out just what it was that brought luck to little Henri. And please remember that luck means more if spelled p-l-u-c-k.

Little Henri lived with his grandmother in a tiny hut near the wood. His mother had gone to work in a factory and his father, like the father of so many other French children, had died fighting for France.

"Help Grandmother all you can," were his mother's last words. And little Henri did what he could.

At harvest time he walked behind the reapers, picking up the heads of wheat that were dropped by the harvest workers. At other times he gathered sticks at the edge of the wood so that his grandmother could make the kettle of soup boil.

It was the fourth winter of the war, and their supply of coal was almost gone. One day Henri came into the hut with a piece of coal in his hand.

"See, Grandmother," he said, "this is the very last lump." His grandmother started to put it on the fire, but little Henri took the coal and placed it on the mantle.

"Please, Grandmother, let's keep it for good luck," he said.

Every day, as he fed the fire beneath the soup kettle with twigs and sticks, he looked at the lump of coal and remembered the day when his father had built the fire with great shovelfuls of coal.

And every day Grandmother would say: "We'll keep this lump for a nest egg. It won't be long now till we shall have more; the American soldiers have come to help France."

Henri longed to see an American soldier and to talk with him about his father who had died in battle.

One day a big man in khaki, a private soldier in the American Army, stopped at his door. The little French boy loved him at sight and offered the soldier his little dish of cherry sauce.

While the soldier was eating, he looked about the poor little hut. His eyes wandered from the pile of sticks on the floor to the lump of coal on the mantle.

"What is that, little one?" he asked with a smile.

"Our last lump of coal," replied Henri. "We keep it for good luck."

"And have you been cold?" asked the soldier.

"Sometimes," said the little boy, "but I gather sticks and help my grandmother all I can. Mother told me I should."

The big American held out his arms. Henri ran

straight into them, and as he snuggled close to his new friend, he heard him say:

"You are a true patriot of France, my boy. Soon you shall have food and coal in plenty. I am proud to fight for you and for France."

The next day was a happy one for Henri and his grandmother. The American soldier of the day before returned and with him came a man dressed as an officer. They knocked at the door of the poor little hut and asked for Henri's grandmother. She invited them in and told them the story of the four long, hard years since the father had died.

Later came other soldiers bearing strange loads, food of all kinds, clothing for Henri and a new easy chair for his grandmother, and best of all, bags full of coal. The door was mended so that the wind would not blow through, a leak in the roof was patched and new window panes were put in the place of those which had been broken. Never again had Henri to do without food or shiver for lack of coal for the fire.

—*National School Service.*

THINGS TO DO

Problem: Reread this story and pick out the parts you would use if you were to dramatize it. Make a play of three scenes out of it as a class exercise. 1. Where did little Henri live? 2. How did he help his grandmother? 3. Why did he want to keep the lump of coal? 4. What gave them hope to believe that they might have more coal? 5. Who was their visitor and how was he welcomed?

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

Problem: You are to read this selection as rapidly as you can. When the signal "stop" is given the books are to be closed and you will be asked to tell as much of the story as you can. Then read it a second time to find out how Lucy got to California. When you reread it, use the Helps To Study given at the end of the story. If you read thoughtfully, many questions will arise which you will wish to ask your classmates.

Lucy Lyons was a pupil in one of the large schools of Chicago. She was not very strong, so her mother decided to take her to a warmer climate for the winter. The place selected was southern California, and soon after Thanksgiving mother and daughter started on their journey. The following account of the trip is taken from letters sent by Lucy to her schoolmates in Chicago:

"We left Chicago over the Northwestern Railway at ten o'clock Wednesday evening. Our sleeper tickets read, 'Lower 6, Car No. 21.' When we got upon the train, there was our berth all ready for us. I had never been in a sleeper before and wondered if I could sleep in one. It looked so odd. The berth is made by turning two seats together to form the bed, placing a mattress and bedding upon it, and then hanging heavy cur-

tains in front for a screen. At first I seemed very much shut in, but soon forgot about everything and was fast asleep. I didn't even hear the conductor shout, 'All aboard!'

"Some time in the night—it was bright moonlight—mother woke me and said in a low voice, 'Wake up, Lucy, we are crossing the Mississippi River; we are leaving Illinois and crossing into Iowa.'

"I looked out and saw for the first time the great river. It made me think of Lake Michigan, except the waves were not so high and the river was only about a mile wide at this point. But it was beautiful—a scene I shall never forget!

"When I awoke next morning we were crossing western Iowa. The country was beautiful and looked like the prairies I had seen in Illinois. We had breakfast in the dining car. I enjoyed this experience very much; there was a change of scenery with every mouthful I ate. It was almost like a 'movie.'

"When we returned to our sleeper, the porter had our berths made up and our luggage put away. There was nothing now for us to do, but to enjoy the scenery and amuse ourselves as we pleased.

"As for me, I needed no other amusement than that offered by the changing landscape. Every moment was full of interest and wonder. At Council Bluffs, Iowa, we crossed the Missouri

River into Omaha, Nebraska. The Missouri is another of our great rivers and forms with the Mississippi the longest river in the world.

“During the rest of the day, our train sped across the prairies of Nebraska. I tried at times to count the telegraph poles, but gave it up. Then I took the railway folder and tried to keep count of the cities and towns as they flew by. Tiring of that, I gazed for a long time at the changing landscape. Farm houses sped by; herds of cattle, sheep, and horses caught my eye; and once in a while an automobile would race alongside our train. It would be real exciting for a while, but we always won in the end.

“Oh the boundless prairies! I never knew before that the outdoors was so big and America so vast. There are miles and miles of level prairie without a house in sight in this western country. Isn't it wonderful to think that some day, perhaps, these prairies may be covered with houses like those in Illinois?

“Our second morning brought us to Denver, Colorado. Mother had friends there, and we stopped off for a day. Denver is a charming city and the capital of the state. We took a trip about the city in a sight-seeing car and visited the capitol. On the front steps is a brass plate just one mile above sea level. I was never so high before! Pike's Peak, the highest mountain near Denver, could easily be seen from the capitol, as could a

whole range of mountains. As our time was short, we had to give up the trip to Pike's Peak, much to my regret.

"Night came all too soon. Again we boarded the train and continued westward. The next morning the scenery had changed again. Instead of prairies, we were winding around among the hills and valleys with mountain ranges in the distance. We passed, at times, a lone sheep herder with his faithful dog at his side and thousands of sheep grazing over the hills around him. At one station a group of cowboys in their picturesque hats and leggings sat on their ponies and watched our train take on coal and water.

"Our next day was spent in Salt Lake City, Utah. This is a most interesting city. The streets are very wide and the mountains are always in view. Here, too, we went sight-seeing on a big motor bus. At noon we visited Temple Square and heard a concert in the Tabernacle.

"In the afternoon we went by trolley to Saltair Park on the shore of the great Salt Lake. This is a bathing beach and amusement park. It is a good place for a beginner to learn to swim. He need have no fear about sinking. He couldn't sink if he wanted to. The water is so heavy with salt that swimmers can sit on the water at ease like ducks on a pond.

"Evening found us aboard our train and again speeding westward. Returning to Great Salt

Lake, we discovered that the railroad had been built on piles right across the lake.

“The last part of our journey was the most interesting. We crossed many miles of desert sands. Farm houses had almost disappeared. Towns were few and far between. Truly, we were in the boundless West! All day we rode through broad valleys or looked at the distant mountains. When night overtook us, we were still wondering at the grandeur and vastness of nature.

“The next morning found us in Los Angeles, the city of Angels, and at our journey’s end. We were not long in getting suitable rooms and making ourselves comfortable and at home. The climate is so warm—just like summer although it is December; and the flowers! I never saw such pretty flowers. I am already in love with Los Angeles and know I shall be happy here every day.”

—*Lucy Lyons.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. On a sketch map of the United States show the route taken. Place on the map the states, the rivers, the cities, on the way. 2. Choose the landscape you most enjoyed reading about. Write a description in your own words. 3. Where did they cross the Mississippi? 4. Why is it difficult to sink in great Salt Lake?

Other Selections: From a Railway Carriage, STEVENSON; *How We Travel*, CHAMBERLAIN; The Little Post Boy, BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE TEMPEST

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,—
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

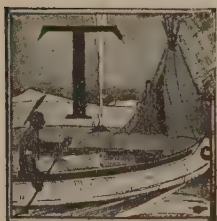
But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Is not God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

—*James T. Fields.*

AN INDIAN CAMP

The story that follows tells how to make an Indian camp. This is a fine indoor game for a rainy day. Read the selection through in five minutes and be ready to name the different parts of the Indian camp when you have finished. If you are a "good Indian," you will catch every detail and be able to tell others just how this Indian camp was made.



TELL us a story, Uncle Fred," said Billy and Tom, one evening after supper.

"Let me see," said Uncle Fred, "I'll tell you about an Indian camp I made once. First I took an old mirror with a wooden frame. The mirror was for the water, of course, for an Indian camp must be near a pond or stream. The frame, with its wooden back, makes a good base for the camp. Then I got some clay and made the bank and the ground where the camp stood by putting the clay on the mirror except where I wanted the water to show. I modeled the clay to look like the banks of a stream, and then I covered it all over with moss that I had collected in the woods, and covered the frame of the little mirror with moss, too. I made the forest of balsam and of birch twigs.

“In the center of the forest was a clearing for the camp, and an open space down to the water’s edge. In the clearing I set up some tepees, made of butcher’s paper. I painted the sides of the wigwam with little Indian designs that I found in a book, and also whittled out a totem pole, just like one I saw in the book, colored it, and set it up in the middle of the clearing.

“In every Indian village there are many dogs, and I made mine out of peanuts, with bits of matches for legs. Canoes, I made of birch bark, but brown paper is just as good if you can’t get bark. The bows of the canoes were painted with Indian designs, too. I cut the canoes out in one piece, fastened the ends together, and spread the bow and stern apart with pieces of toothpicks. Paddles, bows, arrows, spears, and all sorts of Indian things can be whittled out.

“I remember I made some turtles out of raisins, with cloves stuck in for heads and legs, but I am afraid you boys couldn’t do that. I’m afraid the turtles wouldn’t stay in camp long—some one would eat them. I’m sure some one ate mine the very first day.”

“But, Uncle Fred,” said Tom, “you haven’t told us how you made the Indians!”

“Why, no, that’s so,” said Uncle Fred, “an Indian camp without Indians wouldn’t be much fun. When I made mine, I used little acorns for their heads; the sharp point makes a fine nose. I cut

out a mouth with my jackknife and stuck on bits of rice for eyes. The body I made of a piece of wire, forked at the bottom for legs, and with another twisted around at the top for arms. The feet were made of pieces of acorn meats. You could use half almonds or peanuts, if you didn't eat them. Their robes I made of brown paper, and I gave them beautiful feather ornaments by taking small feathers that I found in the henyard, peeling off the sides and gluing them on the head and down the back of the robe. They will stand anywhere by pushing their wire legs into the moss and clay."

"O, Uncle Fred," said Billy, "That's the best story you ever told—and I'm going out after school tomorrow and get all the things I can find for a camp!"

—*Robert Seaver.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. List the different parts of the Indian camp.
2. Make a list of the articles needed to construct this camp.
3. Why is an Indian camp always near a pond or stream?
4. Why is butcher's paper used to make the tepees?
5. Why did Indians have many dogs?
6. Why would the Indians use birch bark canoes instead of boats?

THINGS TO DO

1. Bring Indian costumes to school to wear while you are working on this project. Bring in Indian relics, if possible, and explain their use.

WHERE FISHES SPEND THE WINTER

Time yourself to see how long it will take you to read this selection. Find out where fishes spend the winter and be prepared to ask your classmates five good questions on the subject.

When I was a boy my home was in the country. Near the house was a large pond which was a source of never ending delight to me. I seldom went near it without discovering one or more new forms of plant or animal life.

One winter morning mother got ready to do the family washing, but when she tried the pump, alas! it would give no water. Then father tried it and discovered that the cistern was empty and no rain water could be had.

“There is only one thing to do,” said father, “cut some ice from the pond and melt it.”

In a short time he had old Dobbin hitched to the stone sled and was ready to go to the pond. I bundled myself up and ran out to ride on the stone sled and to watch father cut the ice.

He had just finished cutting out the cakes of ice and was loading them upon the stone sled, when I saw several objects in two of the cakes. “Oh father!” I exclaimed, “see the fish. I didn’t know before that there were any fish in the pond, but here are some little ones all packed in ice.”

"I do declare," replied father, "Old Jack Frost caught even the fishes this time. Let's see what happens when the ice melts."

In less than an hour after we brought the ice into the house the blocks had melted and there in the tub were five minnows as lively as could be.

"Do all fish freeze into the ice in winter?" I asked.

"No," said father, "not if they can escape. The larger fishes usually seek some deep pond or stream at the approach of winter and remain near the bottom. If the water is deep they do not become chilled; they will remain active, swimming about and taking food all winter. But if the water is shallow and the fishes feel the cold, they settle down to the bottom, moving about very little and taking very little food."

"In the case of these minnows the pond was so shallow that Jack Frost froze the water to the bottom and there was no escape for them. They tried to get away. Can you tell me why I know it?"

"Is it because the minnows were all found near the bottoms of the cakes of ice?" I asked.

"Exactly, that is proof enough," explained father. "Other fishes, like the bullhead, bury themselves under dead leaves, and the carp roots itself into the mud and lies there through the cold winter. Is it any wonder he has a ravenous appetite in the spring—an appetite he seems never quite able to satisfy?"

“A fish with a ravenous appetite!” I exclaimed.
“That’s a whale!”

Father laughed at my childish remark, and went out to his work at the barn.

My minnows lived till spring and then I put them back in the pond, hoping they would grow into large fish.

—*The Boy Naturalist.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How is the story introduced? 2. What effect did the ice have upon the minnows? 3. How do we know the pond was shallow? 4. Where do fishes spend the winter usually? 5. Why do certain fishes have such ravenous appetites in the early spring?

A MEMORY TEST

Read the following stanza through twice, noting carefully the things mentioned and the words that rhyme. Then close your book and repeat the whole stanza.

The clovers have no time to play.
They feed the cows and make the hay,
And trim the lawns and help the bees,
Until the sun sinks through the trees,
And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands to say their prayers,
And drop their tired little heads
And go to sleep in clover beds.

—*Helen Jeliffe.*



BABOUSHKA

BABOUSHKA

In America, Santa Claus or St. Nicholas is the name given to the gift-bearer at Christmas time. In far away Russia, children are told that their gifts are brought by a little old woman whose name is Baboushka. This is a good story to tell in another grade. Can you see why?

Long, long ago, so 'tis said, in that vast country called Russia, there lived a little old woman named Baboushka. Her home was a little stone cottage beside the road, and her constant thought was how to keep it neat and tidy.

But the particular pride of Baboushka was the natural spring that bubbled up in her dooryard. In all that country round, there was no water like unto it. Scarcely a day passed, without one or more thirsty travelers stopping in to drink of the sparkling water and to have a friendly chat with the kind old woman.

Sometimes these grateful travelers offered her pay, but she always replied:

“What Mother Nature freely gives
Give I to others free.”

The joy she found in this simple service to her fellowman was reward enough for Baboushka. She asked only that every day she might show

a kindness to some one, might relieve human suffering, or make somebody happy.

One fine day something unusual happened. She was busily cleaning her house when three travelers approached her door and asked for a drink of water. Baboushka invited the weary strangers to rest themselves in the shade of her great oak tree while she went to the spring for a pitcher of fresh, cool water.

When they had satisfied their thirst and thanked Baboushka for her kindness, they told her of their mission,—that they were making a long journey in search of a wonderful child; that they had been told of its birth in a dream; and that they were bearing rich gifts to lay at its feet.

Then they asked the old woman to come with them and offered to carry her gifts if she would come. Baboushka was touched by their offer and agreed to go with them if they would wait till she had finished house cleaning.

“Wait!” said the travelers, “we cannot wait. We must up and away. Too long we have tarried. The star beckons us and we must make haste.”

Scarcely had the strangers departed before the old woman was sorry for what she had said. She stopped short in her work and started after them. Which way did they turn? She looked up one road and down another. But try as she could, look where she would, the travelers were no more to be seen; nor could she remember the place, nor

the country, where the wonderful child was born.

Since then, every year when the day returns, Baboushka goes up and down the land leaving gifts for all the little children, forgetting not one. She hopes in this way some time to find the wonderful child which she has sought so long and desires so much to see.

—*A Russian Tale.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Compare the Christmas messengers in Russia and America.
2. Why does Baboushka keep up her yearly quest?
3. Locate Russia on a map.

THINGS TO DO

Many of the books in your classroom library and in the children's department of the public library contain stories about Christmas. Among others you will find "Christmas in Norway" and "The Birds' Christmas" by Celia Thaxter. Make a list of all the Christmas stories you can find, giving the name of the story, the author, the name and the page of the book in which it is printed. Such a list is called a bibliography. Read as many of these stories as you can find time for. Select the one you like best, study it carefully, and then tell it to the class. Use the following plan in making your bibliography:

A Christmas Tree, Mary Blaisdell, Story, Bunny Rabbit's Diary P. 23.

A Visit From St. Nicholas, Clement Moore, Poem, Howe Reader, Bk. 3 P. 89.

A Pine Tree, Hans Anderson, Story, Hans Anderson's Stories P. 33.

A COBWEB PARTY

Question. Will this plan do for a school party?



AZEL and I are two girl friends. We are ten years old and in the same grade at school. Whatever one does, the other does also, for we are together most of the time.

Last fall we gave a party at our house. Mamma helped us to plan it. Before our guests came, we wove the cobweb; we wrote the name of each person on a card and tied it to one end of a string. Then we wound the string all around the furniture, upstairs and down, and tied a conundrum to the other end of it.

As each guest arrived, he found his card and started to untangle his string. This made a great deal of fun, for the strings were badly tangled and the boys and girls got in one another's way.

When the strings were finally unwound, each guest had a conundrum, the answer to which was some object about the house. Finding the right answers, kept everyone hunting for some minutes. Mamma was the judge, and told the hunters whether they were hot or cold—whether they were burning or freezing their fingers. Finally all of

the answers were found and brought into the living room to be shown. Then amidst much laughter and shouting each guest read his conundrum and showed his answer.

—*Hazel Allen.*

Here is the list of Conundrums:

1. What can travel all over the United States for two cents? 2. What is black and white and read all over? 3. What goes up when rain comes down? 4. What is full of holes, yet holds water? 5. What can you drive without lines or whip? 6. What has four fingers and a thumb with no bones in them? 7. What will make faces at you but never speak? 8. What will run down but never run up?

QUESTIONS

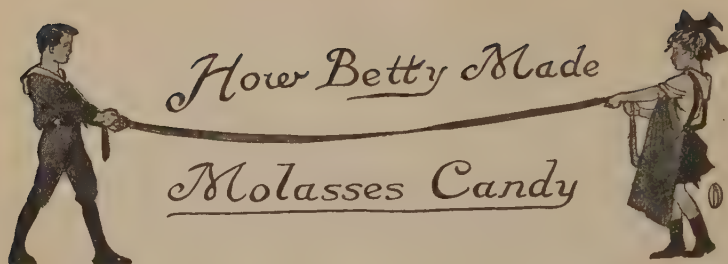
1. What kind of a party was this? 2. Who is telling about the party? 3. Who helped to plan the party? 4. Make a list of what was done to get ready for the party. 5. Make a list of what each guest did. 6. As a class, make a list of answers to these conundrums. 7. Make up another list like this and plan a cobweb party.

WORD STUDY

Read for smoothness: wound the string all around the furniture; as each guest arrived; badly tangled; finally unwound; amidst much laughter and shouting.

Give meanings: conundrum, untangle, finally.

Other Selections: Conundrums and Riddles, *St. Nicholas Magazine*; A Book of Conundrums.



Betty wanted to make some candy. Her mother said she might try it, if she would follow directions carefully. She gave Betty a small book called "A Little Candy Book for a Little Girl." Betty turned the leaves, saying, "Why, mother! It tells about all kinds of candy, but I want to make taffy."

"So you shall," said her mother. "Here is a recipe for molasses candy," as she turned to page 28. "Read it through, and if you understand what it says, you may begin your work."

This is what Betty read:

MOLASSES CANDY

Molasses	-----	1 cup
Sugar	-----	1 cup
Butter	-----	2 tablespoonfuls
Vinegar	-----	1 tablespoonful
Baking soda	-----	1 salt spoonful

"You will need a measuring cup, a tablespoon,

a salt spoon, a saucepan, a shallow pan or plate, and a glass or cup. Get out everything you need," said her mother.

Betty put one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter and a tablespoonful of vinegar into a saucepan to boil. She let it boil about fifteen minutes. When a little of the syrup, dropped into cold water, began to "string," she added the soda. When it became brittle she took the saucepan off the stove. Then she poured the candy into the buttered pan and set it aside to cool. When it was cool enough, she greased her fingers and pulled the candy until it was a shiny, golden brown. Then she took a pair of scissors and cut it into short sticks.

"There is enough for everybody, isn't there?" said Betty smiling as she looked at the plate heaping full.

—Cook Book.

Other Selections: *When Mother Lets Us Cook*, JOHNSON; *Making Molasses Candy, A Little Candy Book for Little Girls*, WATERMAN; *Peter and Polly in Winter*, LUCIA.

THINKING AND DOING

1. Draw a barn. 2. Make double barn doors in front. 3. Make the barn red with white trimmings. 4. Draw a pole to the right of the barn with a birdhouse at the top of it. 5. Make a pigeon flying over the birdhouse. 6. Make another pigeon sitting on top of the birdhouse. 7. Make a tree at the left of the barn. 8. Put a nest in the tree. 9. Draw a swing from one of the branches. 10. Make a boy or girl in the swing.

GOOD CITIZENS

Boys and girls are sometimes called "little citizens." A good citizen is one who honors in all ways the flag of his country and obeys its laws. A good citizen does not choose to obey some of the laws and disobey others, as may suit his wishes; he obeys all of the laws all of the time. It were well if all of our little citizens learned this important lesson early and wrote it upon their hearts.

God hath made of one blood all nations and men, and we are His children—brothers and sisters all.

We are citizens of the United States, and we believe that our Flag stands for self-sacrifice for the good of all the people.

We want, therefore, to be true citizens of our great country, and will show our love for her by our works.

Our country does not ask us to die for her welfare. She asks us to live for her, and so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and every corner of her territory a place fit to rear the best men and women, who shall rule over her.

—*Mary McDowell.*

THINGS TO DO

Look up the meaning of "citizen" in the dictionary.

Talk this lesson over and then memorize it.

A STRANGE COUNTRY

Read this story to see if you can guess what country the old sea captain was talking about. The one who first guesses correctly wins first honors of the class.

One winter evening Captain Compass was sitting by his fireside with his children around him.

"Oh, papa," said little Jack, "do tell a story about what you have seen on your voyages. As you have sailed round and round the world, you must have seen many strange things."

"That I have, my son," said Captain Compass, "and if it will interest you, I will tell you some of the curious things I have seen.

"Once, about this time of year, I was in a very cold country. To keep warm, the people had garments made from an animal's outer covering which they stripped off his back while he was yet alive. They also wore skins of beasts; these skins being made smooth and soft in some way.

"Their homes were made of stones, of earth hardened in the fire, or of the stalks of a large plant which grew in that country. In the walls were holes to let in the light; but to keep out the rain and cold air these holes were covered with a sort of transparent stone made of melted sand.

They kept their homes warm by means of a queer rock which they had discovered in the earth. This rock, when broken, burned and gave out a great heat."

"Dear me!" said Jack, "what a wonderful rock! I suppose it is somewhat like flint rocks that give out sparks when we knock them together."

"I don't think flint would burn," said the Captain; "besides, this was of a darker color."

"The food of these people was strange, too. They ate the flesh of certain animals, roots of plants, and cakes made of powdered seeds. They often put on these cakes a greasy matter—a product of a large animal. They ate, also, the leaves and other parts of a number of plants, some quite raw, others prepared in different ways by the aid of fire."

"For drink they liked water in which certain dried leaves had been steeped. I was told these leaves came from a great distance."

"In warmer weather these people wear cloth made from a sort of vegetable wool growing in pods upon bushes. Sometimes they covered themselves with a fine glossy stuff, which, I was told, was made out of the webs of worms. Think of the great number of worms required to make so large a quantity of stuff as I saw used!"

"The women, especially, wore very queer things. Like most Indian nations they wore feathers in their headdress."

"I was also much surprised to see that they brought up in their houses an animal of the tiger kind, with sharp teeth and claws. In spite of its natural fierceness this animal was played with and caressed by timid women and children."

"I'm sure I would not play with it," said Jack.

"Why, you might get an ugly scratch if you did," said the Captain. "The speech of these people seems very odd to a stranger, yet they talk to one another with great ease and quickness.

"One of their oddest customs is the way the men have of greeting their women. Let the weather be what it will, they uncover their heads. If they wish to seem very respectful, they stay uncovered for some time."

"What a very strange country," said Jack. "I wonder where it could be."

—*Dr. John Aiken.*

THINGS To Do

1. Use this story as a starting point for similar oral and written stories after a study of some particular country or city or any other interesting spot. Bring together what you know about some place and use it as a geography guessing game. 2. If you are unable to guess the name of the country which Captain Compass was talking about, you might begin searching for facts in your geography. 3. Make a list of the articles of food described in this story. 4. What kind of animals are caressed by timid women and children?

THE OLD MAN AND HIS GRANDSON

If you do not know the Ten Commandments, they may be found in the twentieth chapter of *Exodus*.

Someone has broken one of the Ten Commandments. See if you can tell which one it is and by whom broken.

Once upon a time there was a very old man, whose eyes were dim, whose ears were useless for hearing, and whose knees trembled. When he was a young man his eye flashed, and he was strong. "He looked the whole world in the face and feared not any man." Then he was usefully employed, earned enough money to support his family and himself and was the master of his own household.

Time had brought about many changes. He could no longer work. His own home was gone, he could no longer support himself. He was now living with a son and daughter-in-law. When he sat at table he could scarcely hold his spoon, and often he spilled his food over the tablecloth, and sometimes upon his clothes.

His son and daughter-in-law were much vexed about this, and at last they made the old man sit behind the stove in a corner. They gave him his meals in an earthen dish, and not enough either, so that the poor old man grew sad and his eyes were moistened with tears.

Once his hands trembled so much that he could not hold the dish, and it fell on the floor and broke all to pieces so that the young wife scolded him; but he made no reply and only sighed. After that they bought him a wooden dish, for a couple of pence, and out of that he had now to eat. One day, as he was sitting in his usual place, he saw his little four year old grandson, upon the floor fitting together some pieces of wood.

“What are you making?” asked the old man.

“I am making a wooden trough,” replied the child, “for father and mother to feed out of when I grow big.”

At these words the man looked at his wife a little while, and presently they began to cry. Henceforth they let the old grandfather sit at table with them and always take his meals there, and they said nothing if he spilled a little food upon the table cloth.

—GEORGE DASENT.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What is the lesson we can learn from this story? 2. Old age is shown in what ways? 3. How did the little grandson help the father and mother see their mistake? 5. What three pictures can you find in this story?

Write a list of five courtesies which we should show our grandparents or old people whom we know.

Other Selections: Ten Commandments, *Bible*; Cornelia and Her Jewels, *Fifty Famous Stories*, BALDWIN; Which Loves Best? Only One Mother, COOPER; Proverbs, *Bible*.

CHRISTMAS CANDLES



WE always make the Christmas candles at our home out of a wax called paraffin, and make the candle molds out of paper.

Anyone can make a paper mold. Take a piece of writing paper, three by four inches in size, and roll it into the shape of a candle. Next paste the mold along the edge, being careful not to leave either end too large. Draw a cord through the mold for a wick.

A cover from a pasteboard box will make a good holder for the paper molds. Cut little holes in the cover and set the molds in them. Then melt the paraffin and fill the molds. When the paraffin is hard, tear off the molds and trim the candles. Trim one end so that the candle will stand upright.

—*Fannie Knox.*

QUESTIONS

1. What materials do you need to make Christmas candles?
2. How do you make a paper mold?
3. What is the cord for?
4. Why do you need a pasteboard cover?
5. Why should you tear off the paper molds?
6. Can you think of some way to fasten the candles on the Christmas tree?

Other Selections: A Christmas Tree, BLAISDELL; Peter and Polly in Winter, LUCIA.

SEED TESTING

Why should one test seeds before planting? This story tells you about two boys and their luck with seeds. Was it luck? Find out which boy won a trip to the State Fair and why.

If there is a county agricultural agent in your county, consult him about seed testing.

Tom and John were neighbor boys and members of a Garden Club. The prize for the best looking garden was to be a free trip to the State Fair.

Tom talked his plans over with his father. "Test your seed, my boy, if you expect to win any prizes," said his father. "I will show you how."

John also talked his plans over with his father. "Testing garden seed," said his father, "is all foolishness. Any garden seed will grow! I never tested garden seed in my life and I've always had a garden, too."

In due time the gardens were planted side by side. Each boy followed his own plans. The seed sprouted. In Tom's garden hardly a bean or kernel of corn failed to grow. In John's garden only three out of four seeds sprouted.

If the soil is of the same kind, and Tom gives his garden as much care as John gives his, which boy should have the better garden?

Here is the way Tom tested his seed beans. He took a shallow box, about two inches deep, and filled it with moist sand, (saw-dust or cotton will also do). Then he took his rule and measured one end and one side of the box. He found the box to be eight inches wide and twelve inches long.

"That will give me four rows two inches apart," said Tom; "just as many rows as I have sacks of beans, and plenty of room in each row for ten beans planted an inch apart."

Then Tom drove four tacks two inches apart in each end of the box and stretched a cord. His garden box from tack to tack was then ready to plant.

From sack One, Tom counted out ten beans and planted them in row number one. From sack Two, he planted ten beans in row number two. From sack Three, ten beans in row number three; and ten beans from sack Four, in row four.

A week later, when Tom went to look at his seeds, he discovered that all of the beans in rows one, two, and three had sprouted, but only seven had sprouted in row four.

"Here, Mother, is a sack of beans for the table," said Tom, holding up sack Four. "The others go into my garden."

"What's the matter, Tom? These look like good seeds," said his mother, taking some in her hand.

"Yes, they do, mother," replied Tom. "They look all right, but they test all wrong. I can't expect to have a number one garden from number two seed. If I expect to win a prize, I must have every seed grow, not seven out of ten."

"You are just right," answered his mother. "I can use the poor seed, but the best is none too good for a boy with such pluck. The best of luck, Tom, to you and your garden!"

Tom cared for his garden faithfully all summer until it had been judged. He hoed it thoroughly twice a week. After every rain, he raked the soil to keep it from drying out too rapidly and to let the air get into the ground. As the plants grew, he worked sheep manure into the rows, and kept the whole garden weedless. One day he received a letter from the Head of the Garden Clubs. It was a notice that his garden had won for him a free trip to the State Fair!

—Jane Anson.

QUESTIONS

1. Were you sorry for John? Why? 2. How did Tom make his seed tester? 3. How did testing the seed show in Tom's garden? 4. Why didn't Tom plant the seeds from sack Four in his garden? 5. Try making a seed tester like Tom's and plant some seeds. Write to the Agricultural Department at Washington for some seeds.

Other Selections: Mary's Garden and How it Grew; Making Garden, *Peter and Polly in Spring*, LUCIA; Baby Bean and Her Friends, *Seed Babies*, MORELY; *Plant Life*, BASS.



A COLONIAL TEA PARTY

A TEA PARTY

See how many seconds it takes you to read this selection. Read thoughtfully and be prepared to ask and answer questions at the close. What is more fun for a group of girls than a tea party? Where is the little girl that doesn't love to dress her dolly in its best clothes and take her to some little friend's house to a tea party? No matter if the drink is cold water, or cold lemonade, it's a tea party just the same.

Our story is about a tea party that was held a long time ago. It must have been a curious kind of a party. In the first place, there were fifty-one girls at this party and they were all large girls. Some of them were as old as your mother. Yes, and some of them were mothers, too, and had children as large as you are.

Another curious thing about this party was the fact that the girls didn't have any tea at all. They didn't want any—nobody did. Some of them didn't have any at home, and stoutly refused to buy or to drink any more tea. They had met to talk about tea, and the more they talked the warmer they grew. They didn't need a hot drink to get warm on that subject.

This tea party was held at Edenton, North Carolina. At that time our country was a part of England. Everybody drank tea in those days and Ed-

enton was one of the towns where shiploads of it were brought for sale.

Now it came to pass that the King of England wanted to raise some money. So he looked about and decided that the easiest way was to tax the tea sold in America. This made the women angry, and they refused to buy any more of the King's tea.

The good women, as I have said, had a meeting. They met at the home of one of their number to decide what to do about the tax on tea. What they said would have burned the King's ears if he could have heard their talk, for they were very bitter against him.

"I will never use tea again," said one woman, "until the tax is removed."

"My teacup will remain in the cupboard," said another, "as long as the King puts a tax on tea."

"I'll make tea out of raspberry leaves," said a third, "before I'll pay the King a tax on my tea."

Words like these were used by speaker after speaker. Finally, these brave women wrote something on a piece of paper and every woman signed it. This is what they wrote:

"Therefore, we will not drink tea—we will not buy anything from England until the tax is taken off."

There is an old saying: You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink. The King shipped his tea to Edenton, but he couldn't make

the women buy it. So they went without tea until after the Revolutionary War ended.

—E. J. Smith.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Ask five good questions on the story.

WORD ANALYSIS

The endings “*er*” and “*or*” mean one who or that which. Explain the meaning of the following words using the meanings of the endings given above:

housekeeper	reminder	baker	crusher
liberator	councilor	miller	depositor
recorder	organizer	abuser	doubter
strainer	sprinter	accuser	educator
signer	pointer	advisor	fencer
farmer	eraser	binder	hunter
armor	blotter	clothier	guesser
counter	ruler	coacher	furrier

Which statement is correct?

The tea party was held

1. a few days ago.
2. a long time ago.

At this party there were

1. fifty-one girls.
2. fifty-one girls and boys.

At this party they

1. drank tea.
2. talked about tea.

This tea party was held in

1. Boston.
2. England.
3. Edenton.

The King of England wanted

1. some tea.
2. some money.
3. to make the women angry.
4. to make tea.

Other Selections: A New England Tea Party, *Stories of Colonial Children*, PRATT; A Mad Tea Party, *Alice in Wonderland*, LEWIS CARROLL; The Boston Tea Party, *Little American Historical Plays for Little Americans*, HUBBARD.

THE BOY PRINTER

The men who make our books are called printers. Sometimes boys begin to learn the printer's trade at an early age. Such a boy was Benjamin Franklin, who in later life became one of the great men of America.

Imagine yourself the teacher and think up some good questions to ask the class.

Ben was one of a family of thirteen children. His father was a poor man who followed the trade of soap and candle maker. When Ben was ten years of age his father took him out of school and set him to work in his shop cutting wicks and filling candle molds.

But Ben didn't like such dirty work. He liked to be out in the open, where he could play and swim and where he could sail a boat and dream about sailing the seas. So he told his father he wanted to be a sailor.

His father only laughed at the idea. "You would never make a sailor, my boy. You are not fitted for that life. How should you like to go into the shop with brother James and learn to be a printer?"

The idea suited Ben very much. He was already a great reader and here was a chance, he thought, to read to his heart's content. So it was arranged that Ben should live with his older

brother and learn the printer's trade. The next week found him busily learning to set type for the newspaper which James published.

All went well. The boy printer learned rapidly and was eager to learn more.

Soon he wanted to own books for himself. How to buy them was a question. One day he said to his brother, "If you will give me half of what it costs to board me, I will board myself."

His brother promptly agreed and little Ben was not long in saving up enough money to buy his first book. After that he was seldom without a book at his elbow.

Not only was Ben saving of his money but of his time also. While other boys were at play, he was at his books. He was never idle and could always manage to do some reading every day. The truth is he would rather read than eat, so he managed often to do both at the same time. This habit of reading a book while eating his lunch, led his shopmates to say, "Ben eats two meals at once."

Thus he worked and studied until he was seventeen years of age. Then he decided to leave Boston and seek his fortune elsewhere. He sold a part of his books and with the money started for Philadelphia. Before he reached the city his funds ran so low that he had to complete his journey on foot, arriving in Philadelphia with only "one silver dollar and a shilling in coppers" in his pocket.

Ben was faint with hunger, so he hurried to the nearest bakery and bought "three large puffy rolls of bread." Then taking a roll under each arm and eating the third, he started up the street.

As he passed along, many people smiled and some girls giggled.

Why? Just because a hungry boy was eating a roll of bread on the street?

Not for that reason alone. His clothes were so queer looking. He wore knee breeches, made of buckskin, and an old coat, much too large for him, from the pockets of which "extra shirts and spare stockings" were bulging. Is it any wonder the girls laughed at the queer looking figure?

As you may imagine, such a busy youth was not long in finding a good job. Then he worked faithfully, studied during his spare hours, and saved his money. It was Ben's wish to have a newspaper of his own; and in 1728 he founded the "Saturday Evening Post," a weekly, now said to have more readers than any other paper in the world.

Ben Franklin did another thing that was even more notable. He felt that the common people needed to be taught how to work and save as he had always done. As he went about, he noticed that about the only book read in the homes of the poor people was the family almanac. He decided to publish one, too, and to call it "Poor Richard's Almanac." Besides telling about the weather,

the crops, etc., Franklin put in here and there many quaint sayings, choice bits of advice, and homely proverbs.

Poor Richard's Almanac was a great success. His sayings became household words and his almanac hung on every mantle piece. To his many other honors and titles might well be added this: Our Foremost Teacher of Thrift.

And Poor Richard's advice is as good to-day as it ever was. Would you be thrifty, follow his sound advice:

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.
A small leak will sink a great ship.
Lost time is never found.
The sleeping fox catches no poultry.
A stitch in time saves nine.
A penny saved is a penny earned.
Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

—*After Franklin.*

THINGS TO DO

1. Make an outline which will help you to tell the story of "The Boy Printer" to someone who has not read it. This may help you to "think through" the story.

2. Benjamin Franklin's early life.

a.

b.

c.

3. Why he chose the printer's trade.
 - a.
 - b.
 - c.
4. Ben and his "two meals a day."
 - a.
5. Seeking his fortune in Philadelphia.
 - a.
 - b.
 - c.
6. How he helped the common people.
 - a.
 - b.
7. Some of his sayings.
8. Choose the part which you think would make a good movie scene.

Other Selections: Too Much for a Whistle, Turning the Grindstone, FRANKLIN; Robinson Crusoe's Thrift, BALDWIN; The Lamplighter, STEVENSON; The Boy Franklin, *One Act Play*, MACKAY; *The Boyhood of Franklin*, W. F. GORDY; *Story of American History*, BLAISDELL and BALL.

A DICTIONARY DRILL

Arrange the following words in alphabetical order. When you are done, compare your order with the dictionary. Take off four for every mistake.

family	content	shillings
printer	brother	hunger
didn't	trade	hurried
father	should	seldom
liked	already	money
reader	thought	meals
laughed	learning	studied

CLEAN TEETH

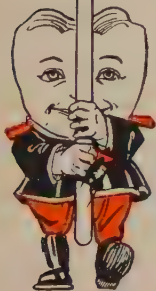
I BRUSH MY TEETH

I brush my teeth twice a day.
Why?

1. So that my mouth may be as clean to receive my food as the dishes from which it comes.
2. So that germs will have no chance to collect around my teeth and cause them to decay.
3. So that no germs from my mouth can enter other parts of my body and cause sickness.
4. So that my breath may smell sweet instead of foul.
5. So that my teeth may always look white and clean and healthy.

EXERCISE

Read these rules in thirty seconds and be able to give the five reasons for brushing your teeth.



GOLDEN RULES OF HEALTH

Score yourself for a week, using these rules. Count one each day for each rule you have kept. At the close of the week, the total score for each member of the class may be placed upon the board. Who wins?

As a class exercise, devise a score sheet for use with these rules.

1. Play hard and fair. Be loyal to your teammates and fair and square with your opponents.

2. Eat slowly. Do not eat between meals. Never drink when there is food in the mouth. Drink water several times a day.

3. Brush your teeth at least twice a day. Rinse your mouth well after every meal.

4. Attend to the needs of your body at regular times each day.

5. Keep clean—body, clothes, and mind. Always wash your hands before eating. Take a warm bath with soap once or twice a week and rub your body to a glow with a rough towel.

6. Try to keep your playmates, and especially young children, away from persons that have contagious diseases.

7. Use your handkerchief to cover a sneeze or a cough, and try to avoid coughing, sneezing, or blowing your nose near others.

8. Study hard. In study, work or play, do your best.

9. Sleep as many hours each night as you need for one of your age—about ten hours. Keep bedroom windows open when asleep.

10. Be cheerful and do your best to keep your school and your home clean and attractive, and to make the world a better place to live in.

—*School Health.*

Protect your schoolmates from disease.

Use your handkerchief when you sneeze.

QUICK THINKING

You will be given two minutes to find the missing words in the following sentences. Write them on a piece of paper.

1. I will play hard ——— ———.
2. I will drink ——— several ——— a day.
3. I brush my teeth ——— ———.
4. I always wash my hands ——— ———.
5. I take a ——— bath with ——— twice a week.
6. I use my ——— to cover a sneeze.

TIME TO STOP

Whenever you spit, whenever you sneeze,
Whenever your rugs you beat,
When you scatter dust with a feather broom,
And shake it on the street,
When rubbish you pile upon the road,
When ash barrels have no top,
You're poisoning the air for somebody's lungs,
And it is time that you should stop.

—*Selected.*



A LUMBER CAMP

Find out from this story (1) how a "lumber jack" lives, and (2) through how many hands the log passes from tree to lumber dealer.

Did you ever think, when riding on a fast train, that all the telegraph poles you pass stand like sentinels on duty? One almost forgets that these poles, so straight and tall, were once beautiful forest trees covered with green leaves that danced in the sunshine. In Michigan and Wisconsin are great forests of pine trees, of sturdy oaks and maples, and the lumber sawed from them is sent through the Great Lakes and by rail to all parts of the country.

Last spring I spent some time at one of the lumber camps in the north woods. Long before I reached the camp all the wildness of the forest, all the odors of the pines, all the mystery of the woods, wove a spell about me. The wilderness

called me. I wanted a spot in the woods for my home. Then I came upon the lumber camp.

The men, "lumber jacks" they are called, had been in the woods all winter. They had built several sleeping shacks and a dining hall. The sleeping shacks were arranged with a door in one end and with bunks, built one above another, along the sides and the other end. A bench in front of the lower bunks served as a step to the upper bunks and as a seat for the men. Each shack held about sixty men. A wood stove near each end kept the bunk house comfortable.

These rude shacks were not only sleeping quarters but living quarters as well. Here the men gathered in the evening, telling stories, cracking jokes, or playing games to pass the time. But the busiest place was about their "center piece." You could never guess what the men meant by those words—they meant the grindstone! Yes, right in the center of each bunk house stood a large grindstone and here the men in turn ground their axes in order to have them keen and sharp for the morrow. The hard work in the woods brings on a drowsy feeling, and the men retire early, for at daybreak comes the call to turn out for breakfast and for work.

In the dining shack were long tables, covered with oil cloth, around which the men gathered three times a day to eat heartily of beans and bacon, bread and butter, and other simple foods.

"Always plenty of it," they said, "but a change would be welcome." Hungry as bears, they were usually, and food disappeared at an astonishing rate.

Before the lumbering season opens, a crew of woodsmen go through the woods and mark the trees to be cut down. This is known as "blazing" the trees. No other trees are cut, except those that are marked. In this way young trees are left to mature, and thus to provide forests for the future. Lumbermen ought to do this in every forest.

After the trees are marked, men come with large saws and saw the trees off close to the ground. The fallen trees are trimmed of their branches and then cut into logs from twelve to eighteen feet long.

After the logs are cut, teamsters come with sleds and haul them away to the bank of a river. It is a wonderful sight to see a load of logs being hauled from the woods to the river banks. The sleds are sixteen feet wide at the "bunks", which are the cross pieces upon which the logs are loaded. The pile of logs on the sled is often twelve feet high, the logs being held in place by chains. Four horses are needed to haul these heavy loads. In the fall, deep ruts are cut into the ground just far enough apart to fit the runners of the sleds. When cold weather comes these ruts are filled with water, making a smooth icy channel for each

sled runner. When a load is started it is easy hauling for the horses. But if the sled runs out of the rut, it is as if a train had run off of the track. Often it takes several hours to get back into the icy channel again. Such an accident will hold back all the loads coming back of the unlucky driver. Each driver of a four-horse team must make a certain number of trips each day. "Getting out of the rut" means a late supper for everyone.

When the loads arrive at the river bank, they are piled high to await the opening of spring and the rise of waters from the melting snow to float them down the river.

Such piles of logs as I saw on the banks of the Wisconsin River! And in the river! Thousands and thousands of logs, a perfect sea of logs, so close together that men were walking about from one to another as if there were no danger at all on this uneven, shifting floor. It is great fun to sit on the bank and watch the log-drives go by. Usually men with long poles, having a hook and pike or point on the end, jump from log to log and guide them in their journey down stream. Their work is to keep the logs from piling up and forming a jam. A log jam often causes serious trouble and sometimes loss of life among the men. Sometimes logs are fastened together into a raft and are towed by steamers across the lake or down the river to the mill.

Have you ever heard it said of a person whose appearance had undergone a change, "He looks as though he had gone through the mill?" This is where the expression originated. After the logs have gone through the saw mill, there is a complete change in appearance and in name. No longer logs, but boards of various kinds, they are loaded on boats or cars and shipped to all parts of the country. Chicago is one of the greatest lumber markets in the world.

What shall we do when the forests are all gone? The lumbermen of North America should learn a lesson from Spain. Once Spain was rich in forests and fertile lands. To-day Spain has few wooded areas, and much of her land is barren. Will youthful America learn her lesson? So much reckless cutting has been going on in Maine that one feels like shouting, "Maine—Spain; Spain—Maine!" as a reminder that wood for the future depends upon forest preservation of today.

—*Lydia Isbell.*

THINGS TO DO

Find other words for those in italics in the following phrases:

like *sentinels on duty*, *odors* of the pines, *drowsy mood*,
an *astonishing* rate, *fertile lands*, forest *preservation*

Other Selections: Woodman, Spare That Tree, J. G. SAXE;
What The Wood Fire Saw, STANTON; *The Story of Lumber*,
BASSETT; *How The World Is Housed*, CARPENTER; *How We
Are Sheltered*, CHAMBERLAIN; A Forest Fire, J. NEALE.



THE HORSE'S PRAYER

Are you able to think clearly as you read? Check what seems to you to be the most important requests in the prayer.

To you, My Master, I offer my prayer:

“Feed, water, and care for me, and, when the day’s work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean, dry bed and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as do the reins. Pet me sometimes that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you.

Do not jerk the reins and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat, or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or my feet.

Do not check me so that I do not have the free use of my head. If you insist that I wear blinders, so that I cannot see behind me, as it was intended I should, I pray you be careful that the blinders stand well out from my eyes.

Do not overload me, or hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod. Examine my teeth when I do not eat; I may have a decayed tooth and that, you know, is very painful.

Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me clean, cool water often. I cannot tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, that by signs you may know my condition.

Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun, and put a blanket on me, not when I am working, but when I am standing in the cold. Never put a frosty bit into my mouth; first warm it by holding it a moment in your hands.

I try to carry you and your burdens without a murmur, and wait patiently for you during long hours of the day and night. Without the power to choose my shoes or path, I sometimes fall on the hard pavements, and I must be ready at any moment to lose my life in your service.

And, finally, O My Master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some cruel owner, to be slowly

tortured and starved to death; but take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you here and hereafter.

—*From Ohio Humane Society.*

Other Selections: Black Beauty, Ginger, SEWALL; Why The Horses Are Happy in Florheim, P. A. NEDWILL; The Squirrel and The Horse, Spanish Fable; Samuel Cowles and His Horse Royal, EUGENE FIELD.

THOUGHT EXERCISE

1. Coke is made from soft coal by being burned in ovens until very little remains except pure carbon. Carbon is the part which makes heat. Would one ton of coke produce more heat than one ton of soft coal?

2. Kerosene, benzine, and gasoline come from petroleum. Is it correct to call kerosene "coal oil?"

3. A map of New York state measures ten inches long. If each inch on the map represents thirty miles, how could you find the length of the state in miles?

4. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their son John went by automobile from Beloit to Ashland a distance of four hundred miles. They prepared their meals over camp fires on the way. They traveled slowly so that it took them six days to make the trip. Eighteen meals were prepared at a cost of \$10.80. What figures would you use in order to find out the average cost of a meal for one person?

5. In the Horse's Prayer above, why does the horse ask that the frosty bit be warmed first by holding it a moment in the hands?

6. A mule will never drink when very warm. A horse will drink all he can hold, if permitted. Is mule sense or horse sense better? Why?



THE OCEAN DEEP

A PEEP INTO THE DEEP

Problem: Find out what plants and animals may be seen in the deep, clear waters about the Catalina Islands.

In the movies I have seen many kinds of wild life from different parts of the world. One time I saw a screen based upon Jules Verne's story, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." The pictures were wonderful, but only pictures. Until my visit to California, I had supposed such scenes were seen only in movie theaters. Imagine my delight upon seeing a real movie of the deep, a thousand times more wonderful than any picture.

One day, Mother and I took a boat for the Catalina Islands. The largest of this group, Santa Catalina, is twenty-two miles long and lies twenty-two miles out to sea from the harbor at Los Angeles. As we skimmed over the waves, sea gulls flew round and round in the hope of picking up food from the boat. A passenger threw a biscuit upon the water, and instantly a hungry gull swooped down and grabbed it in his beak. Several flying-fish performed for us, turning long somersaults in the air and acting as though they enjoyed the sport. Still funnier were the porpoises. We passed a whole school of these queer fish and they did the "flip-flop" act, seemingly

for our special amusement, over and over again on the surface of the water.

There were more interesting things in store for us, however. We were going to have a look at the bottom of the sea; we were going to see a real deep sea movie. So, at Avalon, on the island, we changed to the glass-bottomed boat for a trip around the islands. In either end of this little steamer large panes of glass are set in the bottom through which one may look far into the deep. A black railing surrounds the glass. We were given seats near the railing, and the boat started.

The water about these islands is so very clear that fish and shells one hundred feet below may be easily seen and counted. Our guide was a funny little man with a joke or a story for every occasion. One of the first things he showed us were the "mermaids" down below. They were just our own shadows in the water!

As we went farther from shore, the water grew deeper and clearer, and the beautiful scenery of the ocean bed unrolled before our wondering eyes. Black fish darted here and there; patches of seaweed and mosses of a reddish color covered the bed, with here and there shells and corals of the most beautiful tints. It was like looking down from an airplane on fields of poppies and red clover, upon hills and valleys and forests of pine.

We passed over a forest of seaweed called kelp. This is a large weed with leaves and stalk

somewhat like the tobacco plant, but taller. The plants are harvested and dried, and from the leaves iodine is made for the market. But the most wonderful things in this forest were the fishes. Black bass and yellow perch, bluefish and goldfish, and large sheepshead fish darted and played among the plants. The thicker the weeds the greater the number of fish, and we wondered if they were always sportive or did they just play for our pleasure, like the pictures in the movies.

Farther out, we passed over corals and shells of richest colors. We were looking down into one hundred twenty-five feet of ocean and yet every object was plainly seen. The ocean bed looked as though the mermaids had swept and cleaned it for our inspection. And next was a school of bluefish in regular rows, heads one way, tails the other. It was the largest school I ever saw; there must have been a million pupils in this one class. Just what the lesson was about I did not make out, but they reminded me of a large group of boys and girls taking physical exercises out on the school grounds.

Upon returning to Avalon we were able to watch the seals at close range. These handsome animals are protected by law from hunters and have become quite tame. They come upon the beach begging for food. When fish are thrown to them, there is the liveliest scramble one ever saw,

while the sea gulls hover over them to snatch up any stray bits of fish.

Upon our return trip to the mainland, the captain told us more about these wonderful islands. He said there was one island where the gulls nest and rear their young. It is one great rock rising from the sea and is completely covered with nests. The gulls build their nests about a foot apart out of seaweed, and one nest joins right on to another, like cells in a honey comb. The mother bird lays from two to five eggs for a hatching, and in about eighteen days the young are hatched. What a squawking there must be when the baby birds wake up, and how busy it must keep the mothers to fill so many hungry mouths!

The whistle warned us that we were approaching the pier and our journey was ended.

—*Lucy Lyons.*

HELPS TO STUDY

You will be given one minute to answer these statements with either *yes* or *no*.

1. A flying fish swooped down and grabbed a biscuit.
2. The boat from the mainland to Avalon had a glass bottom.
3. Fish and shells may be seen in the water.
4. Iodine is obtained from the tobacco plant.
5. There were seen a million seals in one school.
6. The bluefish came on the beach to feed the gulls.
8. Our train stopped at the pier.

Other Selections: The City at the Bottom of the Sea, *Adventures of Nils*, SELMA LAGERLOF; *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, JULES VERNE; *The Book of the Ocean*, EARNEST INGERSOLL.



TWO TRAVELERS

Two men were going along a lonely road and talking of what they would do if attacked by robbers or wild beasts.

“Never fear,” said the larger one, “I can protect myself and you, too, so there will be no danger. I have fought three robbers at one time and mauled them until they cried ‘enough’. Since that one encounter, robbers have left me entirely alone. It is not for nought, I tell you, these broad shoulders and brawny arms.

“As for wild beasts, there is nothing in these woods for any man to fear, except a hungry bear, and I should like to meet the bear that could be a match for me.”

He had hardly spoken the last word when a huge bear appeared in the roadway and started for the travelers.

The two men ran for a tree. The one who had spoken so bravely reached it first and climbed to safety. The smaller man, being left to face the bear alone, threw himself on the ground and lay as if dead. When the bear came up, he smelt of the man on the ground and went away. Then the boastful companion came down out of the tree and said:

“What did the bear whisper in your ear? You seemed like old friends.”

“Oh,” the other answered, “he told me never to trust the word of a coward or of a boaster.”

—*La Fontaine.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Compare these two men. Which do you wish to imitate? Why? 2. How did the smaller man show his bravery and at the same time his knowledge of bears? 3. Find the clever speech in the story.

Other Selections: The Cat and the Fox, LA FONTAINE; The Crow and the Fox, AESOP.

PICTURE READING

Read the story through once more, taking care to see everything in the picture—read for the picture. When done, take a piece of paper and list *all* of the details of the picture, thus:

- | | |
|--|----------|
| 1. Two men | 3. _____ |
| 2. A lonely road | 4. _____ |
| 5. Lastly, draw the picture which you saw as you read. | |

LEARNING ABOUT WATER

Here are three ways to learn a few facts about water.

On a very cold night set a bottle of water, with the cork in tight, outside the door or window. If the water has changed to ice the next morning, what has happened to the bottle? Which takes up more space, water or ice?

Put another bottle of water in a pan of water over the stove and heat the water. What happens to the cork? Which takes up more space, water, or steam? Cold water or hot water?

Fill a tumbler level full of water. Cover it over completely with a card or piece of stiff paper. Holding the card in position, invert the tumbler over a pan. Does the water come out? If not, what causes the water to stay in the tumbler? Your teacher will explain this strange action to you.

—*Simple Experiments.*

HELPS TO STUDY

Time test: 1. Read each paragraph. Note the time it takes for each paragraph. 2. Do just what each paragraph directs you to do. Note the time it takes to perform the work.

If possible, learn from some older person other interesting facts about water and discuss them in school.

GIANT TREES

In this story you are made to realize the great size of the sequoia trees. Find four ways by which the writer brings out the idea of great size.

Any plant or animal of unusual size is likely to be called a giant.

Thus the giant elephant, Jumbo, said to have been the largest in the world, stood twelve feet high and weighed four tons. And the tall Dutchman, Van Albert, is called a giant because he stands nine feet high.

But Van Albert, giant though he is, would look like a tiny gnat if he were to stand alongside some of the giants of the plant world. Probably few children who read this story have ever seen a tree over one hundred feet high and over four thousand years old! There are such giant trees, right here in the United States.

Some years ago one of these giants was cut down and its rings counted. It was found to have over four thousand rings—one for each year of its life. It was perfectly sound and might have lived another thousand years or more, but for the cruel ax of some woodsman.

These giants are called sequoias. They are not only the tallest trees in the world but also the largest.

Some of them are forty feet in diameter and have bark eighteen inches thick. One of them has a tunnel cut through it and a stage coach, drawn by six horses, passes through it every day. In years past, settlers have lived in homes hollowed out of these giant stumps; and dances have been held on the stump of a single tree, leveled off for the purpose.

One time some men were talking about one of these giants called "Old Grizzly." A stranger, who had never seen the trees boasted that he could climb any tree that grew. He was promptly taken out and given the chance; but, when he discovered that it was two hundred feet up to the lowest limb and that each of his arms would have to be forty-five feet long in order to reach around the tree, he politely declined to make the attempt.

Sad to relate, many of these forest giants have been cut down for lumber. Only a few sequoia groves remain; but to preserve what are still standing, our government has bought the groves and no longer permits the trees to be cut down or injured. They now belong to all of the people for their use and enjoyment as public parks.

—*Great Forests.*

HELPS TO STUDY

Ask ten good questions of your mates on this story.

Bring pictures of giant trees to school. Gather other interesting facts about these great trees.

Look in the index of a geography, or some reference book, for these topics, Great Trees of California, Sequoias, Forests, etc.

HIS FIRST BOOK

No doubt your first book was given to you as a Christmas present or birthday gift. You did not need to work for it, and, perhaps, did not take very good care of it. This story tells how Lincoln got possession of his first book. As you read it, see if it tells you anything that helped to make Lincoln a great man.

The boyhood of Abraham Lincoln was passed in a condition of extreme poverty. It would be hard to imagine a house more destitute than the Lincoln cabin; no furniture, no rugs, no pictures, no story books or magazines, no playthings or toys—just a rude hut, little better than a log stable. Such was the boyhood home of Abraham Lincoln.

But little Abe didn't cry and pout because his parents were poor and could not provide him with all of the playthings dear to every boyish heart. He found other ways of enjoying himself, and one of these ways was in reading. He early came to have a perfect craze for reading. He read every book he could lay his hands upon, some of them over and over. He thought nothing of walking miles and miles to borrow a book. It is said he read every book in the neighborhood for many miles around. He did more; he remembered all that he read and stored his mind with many beautiful and valuable thoughts.

One of the neighbors who took an interest in the boy-who-liked-to-read was a Mr. Crawford, who lived about three miles from the Lincoln cabin. One afternoon Mr. Crawford told his little caller a story about our first President, which he had read in Weem's "Life of Washington." Little Abe showed so much interest in the story that Mr. Crawford said, "You may take the book home to read, Abe, if you will promise to take good care of it."

"Oh, Mr. Crawford!" cried Abe in delight. "I'll take good care of it and return it in a week."

Abe took the book and started for home. As he tramped along, he kept thinking of the story Mr. Crawford had told him. He wanted to read it for himself, so he pulled the book out of his pocket and began to read. He soon became so absorbed in the book that he did not reach home until nearly dusk.

After supper he returned to his book and read by the firelight far into the night. He even took the book to bed with him and laid it in a crack in the wall. During the night, rain beat in upon the borrowed book and ruined it. It was a sad looking book that little Abe pulled out of the crack the next morning. Heart-broken, he took it to the fireplace and tried to dry the leaves. It was no use. The book was ruined, and he must return it to Mr. Crawford and offer to pay for it.

It was a sad-eyed boy that called at the Craw-

ford home that afternoon. "I'm sorry to return the book in this condition, Mr. Crawford," he began, "but I'm willing to do anything you say to make it right with you."

"Why, Abe, what's happened to it? It looks as though it had been out in the rain all night," said Mr. Crawford, as he looked at the water-soaked leaves and cover. "It was my favorite book, too."

"I know it, Mr. Crawford, and I'm as sorry as I can be. You see, I got so interested in the book that I sat up late reading before the fire; and when I went to bed, I took the book with me and put it in a crack beside my bed. Well, during the night, the rain beat in between the logs and wet the book. I was dreaming about George Washington and never heard the rain, and this morning when I picked it up to read, I found it in this condition. It's ruined, I know, and I have no money, but I'm willing to work for you, Mr. Crawford, if you will have me."

"Well, I see how it was, Abe," replied Mr. Crawford. "There's no use crying over spilled milk. If you will shuck corn for me three days, the book shall be yours."

"Do you mean to say that my work will pay for the book and I may take it home?" asked Abe.

"Yes, to be sure. I'll be satisfied, if you will be."

Abe promptly agreed. It was the best bargain

the boy had ever made. He was large and strong for his age, and at most farm tasks could do almost as much work as a man. On the appointed day, Abe arrived promptly on time and began shucking corn. He worked faithfully, and at the end of the third day received for his wages the book he prized so highly. It was the first book Abraham Lincoln ever owned.

—*The Story of Lincoln.*

REFERENCE BOOKS

Throughout this book, under the heading "Other Selections," you have been referred to other books for additional stories. In one sense, such books may be called reference books; but usually we mean a different kind of a book—we mean a book that contains a great deal of information upon one topic or upon many topics. By turning to the Index, in the back of any reference book, you can find in alphabetical order the entire list of topics contained in the book. Below are some reference books on Lincoln:

Boy Scout's Life of Lincoln, TARBELL; *The Story of Lincoln*; *Lincoln in Story*, PRATT; *Abraham Lincoln, The True Story of a Great Life*, HERNDON; *Abraham Lincoln, The Pioneer Boy*, THAYER; *The Forest Boy*, MUDGE; *Abraham Lincoln, The Backwoods Boy*, ALGER; *Abraham Lincoln, COFFIN*; *The True Story of Abraham Lincoln, The American*, BROOKS; *Abraham Lincoln*, STODDARD; *Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln*, PUTNAM; *The Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln*, NICHOLAY.

THINGS TO DO

Look through your home library and school room library for articles about Lincoln.

THE SORREL COLT

Here is a story about a boy who later became the first President of our country—George Washington. As you read, picture in your mind what kind of a boy George was. If he did a brave act, be sure to note it. If he did a noble, manly deed, be sure to give him due credit.

George lived on a farm in Virginia. His father was dead, but his mother kept up the farm and looked after the servants.

In those days people traveled on horseback, and every farm kept one or more saddle horses. The Washingtons had several very fine ones. They also had a sorrel colt, a beautiful animal, that had not yet been broken to ride. George was a good rider and full of daring. He enjoyed nothing more than a long ride on a spirited horse. Ah, some day he would ride the sorrel colt!

One day two boy friends came to visit him. George thought it a good time to give the colt his first lesson. So the boys went to the pasture and, after a good deal of effort, finally caught the colt and put a bridle on him. Then the boys kept hold of his head while George climbed upon his back.

“All ready,” said George, “let go!” As soon as the colt was free, he started to run and jump. He plunged and bolted, but could not throw his

rider. The harder he tried the more angry he became. Finally, the colt leaped into the air and came down with a terrible jolt. It was his last struggle. He rolled on his side—dead. The poor thing had broken a blood-vessel.

Three sad boys returned to the house. When Mrs. Washington saw them she asked, "Did you see my blooded colts in your rambles, and how is my favorite, the sorrel colt?"

The boys looked at one another hardly knowing what to say. Mrs. Washington read their faces and knew something was not well with them. So she repeated her question.

"The sorrel is dead, Madam," said George, "I killed him this morning." Then George told the whole story.

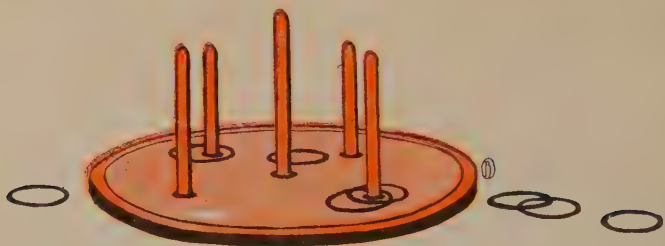
At first Mrs. Washington's face flushed with anger, but when she saw how sorry the boys were over the accident, she said gently: "It is well. While I regret the loss of my favorite colt, I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."

—Adapted.

QUESTIONS

1. How did people travel when George Washington was a boy? 2. Why did George try to ride the colt? 3. What time did he choose? 4. Who told Mrs. Washington what had happened? 5. What reply did she make?

Other Selections: Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans, EGGLESTON; The Book Of Washington, BUTTERWORTH.



A GAME BOARD

Ralph made a board like the one shown in the picture. It was three-fourths of an inch thick and twelve inches on each side. The holes for the upright posts were bored through the board with a one-fourth inch auger. The rings were made of pieces of telephone wire. By wrapping the joints with tape, he made them neat and smooth. Five were black and five yellow. When he had finished painting, the board red and the posts white, he had a game board which any boy or girl would be proud to own.

The game is to throw five rings, one at a time, a certain distance, and to place as many as possible on the posts. When each player has thrown his five rings, the numbers of the posts on which the rings fell are added together, and the player wins who has the greatest number in five rounds.

By changing the numbers on the posts a great variety of games may be played with this game board. Make such a board and try it.

—*The Game Book.*

A VISIT TO THE WAGON WORKS

This story tells about the visit of two boys to the wagon works in their town. When you read it, keep in mind what five shops they visited and what they saw in each shop. It may aid you in following them so make a rough map, or diagram, of the shops through which they passed.

Mark and Robert were hauling vegetables from the garden in a hand wagon. On their last trip, just as they were going around the end of the garden fence, off came the tire of a rear wheel. What to do about it was the question. They unloaded the vegetables, turned the wagon over on its side and tried to put the tire back in place. It had come off much easier than it would go on again. What had kept it in place so well during the long summer?

Just then their father came home for dinner. He was a mechanic and worked in a large factory called the Wagon Works. As he came around the corner of the house the boys were busy over their problem.

"Well, boys, what's the trouble?" he asked, as they tried to hammer the tire back into place.

"Father, how are tires fitted to the wheels in the factory?" asked Robert. "This tire came off and we can't get it on again."

“Well, well, that’s an interesting question,” replied his father. “Perhaps you would like to see for yourselves how tires are put on. I have been planning for several weeks to take you boys to the Works, and this afternoon will be a good time for the trip.”

Tools were dropped at once and the boys hurried in to dinner. They began to ask all manner of questions, but their father laughingly told them to keep their questions until after the trip had been made.

At last the great moment arrived and they were at the factory. They visited the wood shop first. Here they saw hand trucks loaded with boards, planks, and heavy timbers. These truck loads of lumber were fed into huge machines, armed with swiftly moving, circular saws, which sawed the boards into short lengths and the planks into longer pieces.

From this place the boys followed the pieces to other machines where gleaming knives rounded the ends of the planks, shaping them into tongues and bolsters for the wagons. The large timbers were cut into short lengths and taken to still other machines, called lathes, where in a short time they were turned into hubs. In another part of the room, men were busy making the spokes which fasten the hub to the heavy wooden rim or felly.

But the most interesting sight to the boys was to watch the men in another shop put the heavy

iron tires on the wheels. First, the tires were heated in an open charcoal fire. This was done to make the tires larger so that they would go on the fellies easily. From the charcoal fire, the hot tires were placed upon a low machine and the wooden wheels were set inside of them. This machine pinches and squeezes the iron bands until every bit of slack is taken out; and then, when the iron cools, the tires will hug the fellies closer than the bark does a tree.

From this machine, the wheels rolled in an unending stream down a runway to the blacksmith shop, where iron bands were placed around the hub, and an iron axle box was forced into the center of the hub. Later, the wheels would go to the paint shop to be decorated in red or salmon colors and black stripes.

From this shop the boys went with their father to the foundry where the axle boxes of the hubs, as well as many other iron parts, were made. Here they saw the moulders working with dampened sand. The men filled a box with sand, pounded it down, and smoothed off the upper surface. Into this box of moist sand they sank the lower half of a wooden pattern just the shape of the iron center of the hub. Another box, open at both ends, was placed on top of the first and sand was pounded into this, covering over the upper half of the pattern. Then the upper box was lifted off and the pattern was taken out. When the boxes

were placed together again, there was a hollow in the moist sand just the shape of the iron axle box which they wished to make.

While the moulders were doing this, other men were busy melting iron in a furnace. When the iron was so hot that it would flow like cream, it was poured into the sand moulds and cooled. Later the boxes would be opened, the sand knocked away, and there would be found the iron core, ready to be put into the hub.

Finally the boys went to the shipping room. Here they expected to find wagons all complete and ready to run. They were much surprised to find a large storehouse filled with parts of wagons only. Some men were rolling wheels into box cars. Other men were wheeling hand trucks upon which were loaded neck yokes, tongues, whiffletrees, bolsters, axle-trees, reaches, sections of wagon boxes, and spring seats. These were all piled into the car to be put together as wagons when they arrived at the machinery stores in different parts of the country.

By this time the whistle had blown and the workmen were leaving for home. The boys were tired and as ready for supper as any of the men.

After supper they had a long talk with their father on the porch about the things seen at the Works. They asked so many questions that it kept their father busy; for, you see, what one didn't think of, the other did. What kind of wood

was used for the wagon box, the wheels, the axle-trees? Where did each kind come from? Where did they get the iron which was melted to make axle boxes? Where did all the wagons go? Why were the wheels of some wagons painted red and others, salmon colored? And many more questions than their father could answer, though he did tell them these things and more besides.

He told them that the oak came from Wisconsin and the cypress boards for wagon boxes came from Arkansas. The iron that was melted to make castings was mined in Northern Minnesota and shipped in whaleback lake steamers from Duluth to Gary, Indiana, where it was manufactured into pig iron. From Gary it was shipped to the Wagon Works to become parts of wagons.

Some of these wagons were shipped to Texas where they were used to haul cotton to market. Others went to the wheat fields of North Dakota to be used as grain wagons. Still others went to Iowa where they were used as stock wagons upon which hogs were hauled to shipping points.

—C. J. Anderson.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Make a list of (a) machines seen at the Wagon Works; (b) parts of a wagon seen in the shipping room. 2. Trace the journey of a wheel from the wood shop to the shipping room.

Other Selections: How We Travel, CHAMBERLAIN; The Conestoga Wagon, *Letters From Polly, the Pioneer*, NIDA.

AMERICANS

The author of this story calls the American people "the gypsies of the world." See if you can find out what we Americans have done to warrant his calling us "gypsies." Does the author mean to pay us a compliment by the use of such language?

Americans are a restless lot. They are the gypsies of the world. They jump about from place to place. You will find them in the four quarters of the earth, always busy, always changing something. They are never satisfied with the old way. They want a new way. They make one feel old and tired.

People of other countries said this about us. Sometimes it hurt our feelings and we scolded. Sometimes it hurt our pride and we tried to look old and wise and keep very quiet. Now we know it was true and are glad of it.

We are nervous and busy and everywhere at once. There is so much to be done, and the nervous people do the work of the world.

A nervous American wanted to talk to the neighbors. Time was precious and they lived far away. He invented the telephone. Now we talk to our neighbors a thousand miles away as easily as to those next door.

One restless American couldn't do enough work by daylight. He needed twenty hours for a work day. Candles and lamps were too fussy and mussy. They made him nervous. He fixed up a little electric light that turned on and off with a punch of his finger. And it lit the great round world.

Once we needed our big battleship, the Oregon. We were in a hurry. Of course, we were. But the Oregon was in the Pacific and had to sail around South America to get home. Thousands of miles and a month of time! "Never again!" said America, and an army engineer with a host of workers cut a ship canal through Panama.

A pair of busy American lads grew weary of traveling about in cars and boats. They tried the air. Now we hurrying Americans can send our letters through the air in a ship that is as pretty and as fast as a bird.

Americans are nervous, restless people. They search the earth. They dig deep into her secrets and give their findings to the world. They want to push the old world farther ahead than they found it.

Bell, and Edison, and the Wright boys, are restless truth-seekers. America is made of them and by them. Hurrah for the gypsies of the world! Hurrah for the restless, nervous, dissatisfied Americans!

—*Angelo Patri.*

OSTRICH THE FARM



You will be given four minutes for reading this selection and preparing yourself to answer certain questions.

One of the interesting places to visit near Los Angeles is the ostrich farm. The ostrich is a native of South Africa, and the original stock of thirty birds on this farm came from that country. It must have been very hard to capture them for, we are told, the ostrich is very fleet-footed, the swiftest horse being scarcely able to overtake a wild ostrich.

On this farm were about one hundred fifty old birds. They were in pairs, for ostriches mate when young and stay mated for life. The mother ostrich lays her eggs in the sand. Usually there are about fourteen in a nest and each egg weighs about three pounds. It takes about forty days to

hatch them. The mother, being gray in color, sits upon the nest by day, and the father, being black, takes his turn at night.

It is interesting to know how wild ostriches live in desert lands. Several of these birds will lay their eggs in the same shallow hole. The sun is so hot in the desert that its heat will hatch the eggs and the ostriches set on the eggs more to guard them from wild animals than to hatch them. Sometimes thirty eggs are laid in a nest with as many more around the outside. The eggs around the outside are used, it is said, to feed the little ostrich chicks when they hatch. The wild birds try to hide their nests. When persons come near, the father ostrich throws himself upon the ground and makes believe that he is hurt so that the hunters will try to catch him instead of disturbing the nest of the mother bird. Ostriches from Northern Africa lay eggs that are perfectly smooth while the eggs of the South African bird are covered with small pits.

When the little ostriches hatch, they look somewhat like two-months old turkeys, but their feathers look more like quills than feathers. In the early months all birds look alike, but at about six months of age the feathers of the male birds turn black.

At six months some of the young stand six feet high, growing at the rate of a foot a month. At two years they reach their full height, and at four

years their full growth both in weight and in size.

The birds are first plucked when they are eight months old and thereafter every nine months. Ostriches are quite as unwilling to have their feathers cut off as some boys are to have a hair-cut. They fight and kick furiously, unless proper care is taken beforehand. But with a stocking drawn over his head, the bird cannot see his barber and so remains perfectly quiet.

The ostrich kicks or strikes forward with its foot, when fighting. It has been known to break a two-inch plank at a single blow and even to kill another bird with a vicious kick.

From an old bird usually twenty to twenty-four plumes will be taken from each wing and forty to fifty from the tail. They are sold by weight and often bring over one hundred dollars a pound. The feathers from a single bird are worth from thirty to forty dollars.

After the feathers have been plucked they are washed and sorted for the market. The finest plumes seen on ladies' hats are not, as many suppose, single plumes; they are made by cleverly sewing three plumes together. Colors, other than black and white, are given the feathers by dyeing them.

The ostrich is always hungry. He eats almost anything, but is very fond of oranges. He catches these in his beak as they are thrown to him and swallows them whole. As many as ten or twelve

may be seen at a time passing down his long neck.

The flesh of the ostrich is good to eat, but too expensive for most pocketbooks. The old birds are worth from three hundred to five hundred dollars each. They are kept chiefly for their feathers and live to be forty or fifty years old.

—*The Cawston Farm.*

YES OR NO

Out of each group of three statements given below, two are false and one is true. Select the true statement in each group.

1. The ostrich is a native of
 - (a) California
 - (b) South America
 - (c) South Africa
2. The ostrich lays her eggs
 - (a) in a nest in the trees
 - (b) in the sand
 - (c) in the water
3. The color of the mother ostrich is
 - (a) gray
 - (b) black
 - (c) blue and green
4. The eggs hatch out in
 - (a) three weeks
 - (b) six months
 - (c) forty days
5. Ostriches are raised to produce
 - (a) eggs for the market
 - (b) meat for the table
 - (c) plumes for hats

*Other Selections: Gemila, Seven Little Sisters, ANDREWS;
The Ostrich, Some Useful Animals.*

DO YOU?

When the teacher called the apple class,
They gathered round to see
What question deep in apple lore
Their task that day might be.

“Now tell me,” said the teacher
To little Polly Brown,
“Do apple seeds grow pointing up,
Or are they pointing down?”

Poor Polly didn't know for she
Had never thought to look,
And that's the kind of questions
You can't find within a book.

And of the whole big apple class
Not one small pupil knew
If apple seeds point up or down!
But, then, my dear, do you?

THINGS To Do

Write a story in rhyme. It may help you to make a list of rhyming words. Find the words which rhyme in this poem. Make other lists. You may imitate this little poem if you wish. Try it.



MAKING A LOG CABIN

When a certain teacher asked her class how many had ever seen a log house, not a hand was raised. She then suggested that the children make one as nearly like the Lincoln cabin as they could. Here are her directions:

First, draw a plan for a one-room cabin, ten inches wide by fourteen inches long. At one end on the outside show a log chimney; on one side show a door, and near it a half-window. The cabin should be ten logs high, the door six, the window two, and the chimney, up to the shoulder, seven logs high. For logs, use sticks of elder or other soft wood with the bark on them.

The next morning every boy brought a bundle of elder sticks. From the pile, enough straight sticks were selected to build the cabin. Twenty were cut fourteen inches long for the sides, and twenty others ten inches long for the ends. Wide notches were cut one-half inch from each end.

Then the sticks for the chimney were cut and notched; those for the ends were cut two inches long; those for the side, four inches.

With so many logs ready the cabin was begun. Two long logs were laid for the sides; two short logs were laid across the ends and fitted into the notches; and the four corners were fastened with common pins. In like manner each layer of logs was fitted, and openings were cut for the door, window, and chimney. The chimney and end walls were laid at the same time.

When ten layers of logs had been laid, five sticks were cut and fitted into the gables. Then nine sticks, fifteen inches long, were strung from gable to gable, notched and fitted, to support the roof.

For the roof, sticks were cut two inches long and split into flat slabs. These were pinned upon the roof in four rows, the lower first and the next overlapping it after the manner of shingles on a roof.

A cigar box formed the door and door frame, also the window, and a button served as a door knob; nor was the latch string forgotten. Cracks were stopped up with plaster of Paris and the chimney was plastered with it. When all was finished the class had a toy Lincoln cabin which everyone greatly admired.

—*Mary Gardner.*

A VISIT TO CHARLIE'S MENAGERIE

Before reading this story look up the meaning of *menagerie* and then, as you read, decide whether Charlie's collection of animals comes within the meaning of the word. The author has been to visit a boy naturalist and tells his readers in this story about some of the things he saw.

Charlie lived on a farm and kept his pets in the loft of the granary. As we mounted the ladder to the loft, he explained how he came to start his menagerie with only two sparrow hawks.

"The wind blew the tree down that their nest was in and I had to take the young birds or let them die. When I first found them they couldn't fly, and just kept calling for the old ones all day, so I brought them in here and have had them ever since."

They were a beautiful pair and ate greedily some white grubs that Charlie gave them; the pair followed him around constantly giving vent to unmusical screams, but with every sign of attachment. They were the only animals allowed the freedom of the room.

By the window stood a tub which he called his aquarium. In large cages, most of them home-made, were several squirrels, an eagle, a southern

mocking bird, seven canaries, a pair of white rats, and some white rabbits. There were also two cages of owls, one containing three screech owls and the other a magnificent specimen of the snowy white owl.

All owls have the trick of turning the head without moving the body, but none other are so expert as the snowy white. The cage being in the center of the room, Charlie asked me to walk around it, keeping close watch of the owl's head and body. The old fellow sat on a perch, not once moving his body, but his great yellow eyes followed me as I made four complete trips around the cage! Surely, I thought, he will twist his neck off, but the same solemn stare followed me as I kept on walking.

All the time Charlie kept saying, "Watch close and you will see his head turn back to the right when it gets about three-fourths of the way around."

After repeated efforts I could see a slight twinge or jerk at a certain place in the turning of the owl's head, which of course explained the mystery. The great bird turned his neck, in following me, more than half way around and then turned it in the opposite direction so quickly and so exactly to the same point as before that the eye could not detect the motion.

"What do you feed the owl?" I asked.

"Any kind of fresh meat or fish," he replied.
"They'll eat anything they can swallow that's

meat. But don't give them salt pork; that will kill an owl every time.

"Owls swallow mice and birds and frogs whole. The first time I saw Pete swallow a big bird whole it scared me, because I thought he would choke to death. I gave him a dead blackbird and he took it in his mouth, threw up his head and began to swallow. But it was too big to go down very easily, and then that owl got right down to business. He stood straight up and danced up and down, and every time he'd go ker-chug, that blackbird would go a little farther down his throat. I ran in crying to Pa that the owl was choking to death, but when we got out here again he was all right and winking as though he felt better."

The cage for squirrels was of the usual kind with revolving wheel and house for hiding. Charlie took from a barrel a butternut and after cracking it, held it temptingly before the open door and called, "Come Lib, come. He won't hurt you." Then to me he said, "Just step back by the door, she's always kind of shy of strangers."

I did as requested and soon the larger of the fox squirrels came out of the cage and ran all over and around the boy, poking into his pockets in search of the food he was in the habit of finding.

"I sold two squirrels last summer, and all but this one are for sale. A man offered me ten dollars for her last summer; she's smart. I would have let him have her only he wouldn't treat her

well, probably, and — —” I could easily imagine the rest, after seeing the evident affection and to me wonderful training of the frisky squirrel.

After jumping over a stick and doing several other tricks usually taught dogs, Charlie motioned me to come nearer. As I did so, the squirrel darted under his coat, but soon peeped out. “Now just touch my head,” said the boy. As I did so the squirrel made a sudden lunge towards my hand and gave a bark that caused me to jerk away my hand and step back. Of course this pleased Charlie, and I asked if the squirrel would really bite.

“Yes, sir’ee,” said the boy, “she has bit me more than once but probably wouldn’t bite you unless you took hold of her.” After giving her another butternut, Charlie opened the cage door and Lib retreated to her usual hiding place.

I came away regretting that I could not stay longer and see and learn more of Charlie and his wonderful menagerie.

—*Chester W. Smith.*

—Adapted from *A Summer of Saturdays*, by permission of S. Y. Gillan & Co., Publishers, Milwaukee, Wis.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Name the different kinds of animals in Charlie’s menagerie. 2. What did he feed the owls? 3. Explain the owl’s trick of turning its head. 4. Why was Charlie so attached to Lib? 5. What tricks had he taught his pet squirrel? 6. What facts have you learned about animal pets from this story?

JAMES WATT

There are many different kinds of giants. James Watt discovered a powerful one in a very strange way. When you have found out the name of the giant and what James made him do, rise quietly in your seat.

There was once a little Scotch boy who liked to play in the kitchen and help his mother as best he could. His name was James Watt, known to all the world as the inventor of the steam engine. One day as his mother put on the kettle to make tea, she said to her son, "Now Jamie, my lad, watch the kettle and see that it does not boil over."

Jamie said, "All right, mother. I will watch it for you. There is nothing I like so much to see as the old kettle when it begins to puff and sing and rock the lid back and forth."

So Jamie pulled his chair near the fire, just as hundreds of boys have done before and since and sat down to begin his watch. If the kettle should start to boil over, he could prevent it by pushing off the lid.

By and by the kettle began to sing. Now Jamie was a clever boy, and was always trying to find out about things. So he said to himself, "What makes the kettle sing?" He sat thinking and thinking about the question until his mother

came in. Then he said to her, "Mother, there is a giant in that kettle. Listen, you can hear him sing!"

His mother only laughed and said, "Oh, you silly boy, how could there be a giant in so small a kettle. There is nothing in it but boiling water."

"Yes, there is, mother. There is a giant in it. Listen, and you can hear him rattle the lid and make the kettle sing. He is strong, too; and if that lid were twenty times as heavy he could lift it just the same and make it dance about."

"Very well, Jamie, let's call him a giant, but what is the name of your fine giant, Jamie?" asked his mother, laughing at him again and wondering what he meant.

"His name is Steam, and he is stronger than a hundred horses," replied the boy.

Little Jamie was right, and as he grew up his interest in the powerful giant increased. By the time he became a man he had formed a plan for conquering the giant and making him do all manner of work. His plan took the form of an engine driven by steam. His first engine was very crude, and people laughed at it, as silly people usually do, but James Watt kept right on working until his engine was a complete success. Because it stood still—did not run on wheels—his invention was called a stationary engine. Such engines are used in shops and factories. Railroad engines are called locomotives.

Of course, modern steam engines are vastly better than Watt's first engine, but everyone is willing to do him honor and give him credit for having invented the first engine to be driven by steam.

—*Amos Watt.*

THINKING AND DOING

1. If steam is lighter than water, put a cross after No. 1 on your paper. 2. If it is heavier than water, put a cypher after No. 2. 3. If steam is made from cold water, put two crosses after No. 3. 4. If steam is one form of water, mark yourself 10 after No. 4. 5. If you have ever seen water in solid form, write the name for that form after No. 5. 6. If you think there was a giant in the tea kettle, mark yourself with a cross. 7. If you think there was only boiling water in the kettle, mark yourself with a cross. 8. If James was right, was his mother wrong? Yes or no? 9. If James Watt invented the locomotive, mark yourself 10. 10. If James Watt wrote the above story, give yourself a cypher.

Other Selections: James Watt and the Teakettle.

WORD ANALYSIS

“Less” means without or lacking. What do these words mean? Can you add words to the list?

homeless	pitiless	moneyless
breathless	merciless	ageless
senseless	penniless	aimless
painless	sightless	airless
helpless	dreamless	bloodless
wordless	childless	hairless
speechless	thankless	countless

THE SWITCH PARADE

The earliest account of a spring festival is found in an old Swiss story of the fifth century. Why do you suppose this story has such a queer title? Think of this as you read, and if you can find a more suitable title, make the fact known.

“It seems that the people of a little Swiss town, called Brugg, had a meeting and decided to plant a forest of oak trees on the common. The first rainy day thereafter the citizens began their work. They dug holes in the ground with canes and sticks and dropped an acorn in each hole, tramping the dirt over it. More than twelve sacks were sown in this way, and after the work was done each citizen received a wheat roll as a reward.

“For some reason the work was all in vain, for the seed never came up. Perhaps the acorns were laid too deep, or it might have been that the tramping of so many feet had packed the earth too firmly. Whatever the cause, the acorns refused to sprout, and the townspeople sowed the same ground with rye and oats. After harvest they tried planting acorns again—this time in another way—by plowing the soil and sowing the acorns in the furrows. But again the great oaks refused to grow; grass came up instead, and the people were disappointed.

“But an oak tree grove they were determined to have; so, after this second failure, a few wise men put their heads together and decided to make the grove by transplanting young trees. A day was appointed, and the whole village—men, women, and children—marched to the woods, dug up oak saplings, and transplanted them to the common. At the close of the exercises, each boy and girl was presented with a wheat roll, and in the evening the grown people had a merry feast in the town hall.

“This time the trees grew. The people of Brugg were so pleased and satisfied that they decided to have a tree-planting day as a yearly holiday. So every year, as the day came around, the children formed in line and headed by a bugler, marched to the oak grove, singing a song of spring. From the trees the children broke twigs and switches. Then, forming in line, they marched back again, bearing these branches above their heads to prove that the oak grove was thriving. And every year, at the close of the parade, the rolls were given the happy marchers, in remembrance of the day. This old spring festival still exists and is known as ‘The Switch Parade.’ ”

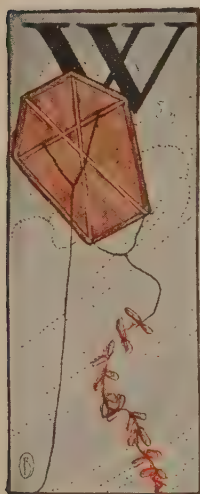
—*R. H. Schauffler.*

DRAW

A girl is holding an oak sapling in readiness for planting. Her brother is digging a hole in the dooryard in which to plant it. Fido is watching them.

KITES

This story tells you how to make a kite and for what kites are used. Read it carefully. Get the materials mentioned in the story. Make a kite following the directions given.



ILFRED, who had seen some of the older boys flying their kites, became eager to have one of his own. He made a frame of wood, which he covered with some coarse brown paper.

His kite was so heavy it would not fly, no matter how fast he ran. At last, tired and discouraged, he went to his Uncle Harry for advice.

“My kite will not fly,” said Wilfred to his uncle who was lying in his hammock. “Please tell me what is wrong with it. I have tied “bob” after “bob” to the tail, but the more I tie on, the worse the kite seems to act; and I made it as nearly like Tom Watson’s as I could.”

“It is much too heavy, my boy,” said his uncle. “A kite that has too much weight will not rise. Fetch me that big book on the shelf. It tells all about kite-making and kite-flying.”

The directions in the big book were as follows:

“For the ribs take three light sticks, two of them twenty-two inches long and one, sixteen inches. Cross the two long sticks and fasten them with a brad in the center. Five and one-half inches from the upper ends of these sticks, place the short stick, allowing five and one-half inches to project at each side beyond the long sticks. Fasten the cross stick with brads. Cut a little groove in the end of each stick to hold the cord rim in place.

“Beginning on one stick, fasten the string firmly and then draw it tight from groove to groove until you reach the starting point. (See the illustration.) Cover the ribs with a firm light paper, allowing about one inch margin to turn over the cord rim for pasting.

“To make the harness, take a string about eighteen inches long and tie to the cross stick as shown in the illustration. Tie the kite cord to the center of this harness.

“Attach the tail firmly to the lower corners of the kite. The tail should be six to eight feet long. It must be heavy enough to steady the kite, but not too heavy to keep it from flying. You can find out how many ‘bobs’ to tie on the tail only by trial.”

It was not long before they were very busy making another kite, after the directions given in the big book, talking and working at the same time.

"Did they have kites when you were a little boy, Uncle Harry?" asked Wilfred.

"Oh, yes, kites have been in use for at least two thousand years," replied the young man. "The Malay race, or brown people, used to fly kites during their religious services. In later years, in nearly every part of the world, the flying of kites has been done simply for amusement."

"Where do they have the finest kites?" asked Wilfred, very much interested.

"Some of the prettiest are seen in China," continued Uncle Harry. "There one may see paper fishes of all colors floating above the housetops, also paper birds, butterflies, flowers, and even odd-looking faces with big, round eyes and fat cheeks."

"How nice it would be to live in such a country!" exclaimed Wilfred in delight.

"The Japanese are called 'the race of kite fliers,' and they are proud of the title. Most of their kites are nearly square, not diamond-shaped like ours. They are made of fine paper and strips of bamboo, with pictures of human eyes and queer animals painted on them. The Japanese boy is as proud of his collection of kites as a little American girl is of her family of dolls.

"You once told me that Japanese men were also fond of flying kites," said Wilfred.

"That is true," continued the boy's uncle. "Kite flying became so annoying that a law was

passed to make people go into the country when they wished to indulge in that sport. You can imagine how troublesome it was to have persons running through the public streets flying kites."

"How funny it must have looked!" said Wilfred.

"During their New Year festivities, it is customary for friends to present kites to each other," said Uncle Harry. "At the festival of the Cherry Blossom, which is the national flower of Japan, one can see thousands of kites in the sky. I have seen men and boys flying them from the backs of ponies, and men running along the highways, enjoying the same sport."

"I wish that kites were useful as well as pretty," said the boy thoughtfully.

"They were made useful six centuries ago, when the Japanese built one strong enough to swing a soldier up into the air," declared the uncle, smiling at his nephew's look of surprise. "This man, as he sat in a chair fastened to the tail of the kite, was able to see the camp of the enemy."

"What a daring man he must have been!" exclaimed the boy.

"During the war between Russia and Japan, kites were used for the same purpose. Benjamin Franklin used a kite to prove that lightning is a form of electricity. Kites are used in placing wires or ropes across streams and gulches. In building the suspension bridge, a kite was used

to carry the first wire across the Niagara River."

"I did not know that kites were so useful," said Wilfred, whose interest in them was increasing every minute.

"From the making of kites, no doubt, came the idea of constructing balloons, and of building air-ships and other useful things," said Uncle Harry, holding up the finished kite.

"Oh, isn't it a beauty!" cried Wilfred, clapping his hands in glee.

His uncle hoisted the pink kite with its long blue and white tail, and gave the string to his nephew. Away it flew, high above the church steeple, till it seemed to be caught in the clouds.

"Higher, higher, my boy! Give it all the string that you have!" shouted Uncle Harry. "Let it rise far, far above the clouds, like the good cheer of a brave heart."

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Explain the important uses of kites. 2. Write a description of the different kinds of kites you have seen. 3. Illustrate our story with original drawings of kites. 4. My string is long. Jack's string is longer, but Fred's string is the longest. If you were going to fly a kite, whose string would you wish to use? 5. Our kites are diamond shaped. The Japanese kites are nearly square. The kites of China are shaped like fishes, birds, butterflies and flowers. Which would fly the highest? 6. On the tail of my kite were fastened paper "bobs" colored red, white and blue. Jack's kite had a tail of yellow "bobs," but Fred's were colored sky blue. Which would fly highest?

FROM COW PATH TO HIGHWAY

Sometimes authors hide the true character of their stories by the titles they give their selections. Read to find out if this is a true or false title.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr had come west to Indiana from Ohio when John was so tiny that he could remember nothing about the journey. The country was not thickly settled at that time, and those early pioneers could choose the spots they liked best.

The Kerrs liked the prairies, dotted with friendly groves, and here they built their home. In a little while there were waving fields of wheat, oats, and corn; pigs and chickens roamed through the grove around the barn; and mild-eyed cows browsed in the pasture. Everyone helped with the work; even little John, who was now large enough to run errands, brought the cows home from the pasture every night.

One evening in midsummer he seemed a little later than usual. His mother was a bit anxious about him. Usually he was prompt, for he had learned that she did not like to be kept waiting or to be kept in suspense.

“What kept you so long, Johnnie? I have waited for you this long time to come down the

path with Bess and Brindle," said Mrs. Kerr, as she stood at the door of the log cabin in the clearing.

"I left the cow path, mother, to gather some blueberries and the cows wandered off into the woods. As I rounded them up, I came upon a little bed of Indian pipes. They were growing near the Indian mound we found last summer. Look at the wax flowers, mother."

"They are pretty," said his mother absently as they drove the cows into the log stable. "But it is high time to do the milking. We must have it done before dark."

John stood by while his mother milked. He watched the steady streams flowing into the pail and the white foam forming. He caught the odor of fresh, sweet milk, but his thoughts were elsewhere. He waited until his mother was through and they were walking to the house before he began.

"Mother, wasn't this country full of Indians when you and father first came here? Where are they now?" he queried.

"The Indians moved westward," answered his mother, "as the people from the East came to take up land. A few Indians were left here and there, of course, but most of them have gone. At one time large numbers of them roamed this part of the country. The cow path through the woods is an old Indian trail."

"I knew it," said John excitedly. "As I walked through the woods down the shady path and forded the brook at the foot of the hill, I was sure that an Indian brave walked behind me. For a little while I was almost afraid to look around. Just for a minute, mother, I was afraid." For little John Kerr wanted always to be brave in the eyes of his mother.

"Why not have him in front of you when you day-dream again? Your Indian Chief would have been your friendly guide, I am sure," answered his mother cheerfully.

"That's so, mother," said John. "Tell me about the Indian trail."

"Let me strain the milk and set it in the well to cool. Then we will have supper and talk afterwards," answered his mother. Soon the simple meal was prepared, eaten, and the dishes washed and put away.

"Now the trail, mother," said John, as he snuggled down beside her on the low steps outside the door.

"You know the Indians passed up and down through these woods and across the open prairies on their way to the Great Lakes. Lake Michigan is not more than twelve miles away from us here. They blazed a trail through this section by marking trees a portion of the way. No stream was bridged, no hill graded, and no marsh drained, so they forded the streams, climbed the hills, and

waded the swamps. Some early French explorers came this way, also, and helped to wear this thread, through the forest and across the open spaces, into a roadway. So Indians and Frenchmen and early pioneers came and went upon this winding road in the forest."

"Road, mother; Why, it is only a path."

"It is a road for you and the cows, for your father who comes home from woodchopping, for the traveler with his pack, and for the horseback rider with the weekly grist from the mill. I have seen them coming and going on the trail and so have you," answered his mother. "Some parts of the trail are rapidly changing, even before our very eyes."

"How changing?" asked John.

"The trail has become a road, a real road, in some parts of the country, and the same thing will soon happen here. A road grows little by little just as a tree grows. At first it is a thread with here and there a few beads upon it, and then—"

"Beads? Beads on a cow path, mother?" said John.

"Yes, beads. I remember the little towns we passed when we came here from Eastern Ohio. They are the beads on the strings, some larger, some smaller. The villages and towns spring up along the line of old Indian trails because they usually follow streams, or lake shores. Our little log cabin here and our neighbors' homes will be a

part of a town some day, I think. The railroad is coming through, soon, I hear. Already a part of this trail has disappeared. Wheels have been passing along a roadway not far from here, and they will soon pass our very door. Then, John, my boy, we shall be living on Main Street and we shall see everything as it rolls by."

"Tell me, mother, what is going to roll by? I have seen the heavy farm wagons carrying wheat and corn to market, but I didn't think the wheels rolled very fast. Instead they creaked under the heavy load. Besides, no wagon could go very fast over the corduroy road; I heard father say so. Even the carriage bumps along into this rut, then into that, while the branches sweep you in the face as you ride through the woods," said skeptical Johnnie, who thought he knew more about roads than his mother could tell him. Didn't he know every road and trail through the woods better than she did? She must be dreaming just as he was when he felt sure the Indian was trailing him. She was just spinning a yarn to amuse him, he thought.

"Yes, I know, John, the road is rough now, but one day it will be smooth. I am not dreaming. It is a dream that will come true. Many wonderful things are coming to you by the time you are a man. A town is bound to grow right here on this cow path, and then we shall see what we shall see," laughed his mother. "Now go to bed and

dream of golden chariots passing to and fro over a yellow highway before our very door."

* * * * *

John Kerr grew up, a town grew up, too. The main street of the town was the old cow path, and it ran northeast and southwest. On the street were the usual stores, hotel, courthouse, banks, opera house, and farther out, at either end, the comfortable homes. The log cabin had disappeared long since. The locomotive puffed its way in and out each day. Streets were paved, and lighted with gas. Carts and carriages and wagons of all descriptions passed back and forth from country to town.

Time passed and other changes came. Electricity came to town. Main Street became a shining roadway with its radiant lights. It even went so far as to change its name. Why not? When automobiles rolled swiftly by, noiseless in their passing, Main Street became a highway to larger cities beyond. With the coming of the automobile the main traveled roads took on a new dress, and a new name. The Lincoln Highway stretches from the east to the west, and bears the name of the man who helped to build a nation of free men. Thus a cow path that was an Indian Trail became a part of a great national highway. The street is named Lincoln Highway and it runs due northeast and southwest.

Because the town is built on the slant and not due east or west, or with the sun, as most towns are, strangers always ask this question:

“How did you come to build your town on the bias?”

“If you should ask an old settler, and John Kerr is an old settler now, he would point to the lake shore which skirts the town and say:

“That helped some, but an old Indian trail really decided the matter. You know Main Street that was, Lincoln Highway that is, was once a cow path; yes, even more than that, an old Indian trail.”

—Isobel Davidson.

HELPS TO STUDY

It's a proud day for every boy and girl when he or she can help himself to the dictionary; when he or she can learn the meanings of new words without being told. You will need to use your dictionary to answer these questions:

1. What does the author mean by *early pioneers*? 2. What is a *prairie*? What is it to *ford* a brook? 4. How does a *trail* differ from a path? 5. Is there any difference between a *day-dream* and a *night-dream*? 6. What does the author mean by French *explorers*? 7. What kind of a road is a *corduroy* road? Is there any difference between a road and a *highway*? Between a road and a *street*?

References: Roads, Highways, Trails. Look for these topics in any large reference book.

IN FAR AWAY JAPAN



Uncle John is a traveler. He has been around the world and has visited distant countries. Try to go with him in imagination as he tells in this story of some of the queer sights he saw in Japan. Think of yourself as the little girl to whom Uncle John addressed his letters.

“My dear Niece:

“Far away, ever and ever so far across the sea, in a beautiful country called Japan, there is a queer little town at the foot of a mountain; and in this town there is a queer little, dear little house, standing in one end of a pretty garden. The master of the house is Sun Sato, whom I have visited on several occasions and whose home and family I found very interesting. The Japanese homes are so different from our own that they never fail to interest us.

“The outside of this queer little house is built of wood, but the windows, walls, and even the slid-

ing doors are all made of paper. Japanese children have to be very careful when playing about lest they fall against the wall and land in the next room.

“The floors are covered with pretty matting. There are no chairs or sofas, so every one tucks his legs under him and sits right down on the floor. Big and little, old and young, family and guests, sit on the floor in this fashion. Nor do they sleep in beds, as we do, but at night they roll themselves up in quilts and lie down on the matting. For pillows they use little blocks of wood and do not consider them uncomfortable.

“In America our parlor and best rooms are in the front of the house. In Japan they are in the rear and are made to overlook the garden. Whenever the family wishes to view the garden, they slide back the paper walls until all of the rooms form one large room opening upon the pretty garden. And such a garden! There is a tiny lake with a tiny bridge over it, a queer stone lantern on a post at one side, tall bamboo trees where monkeys delight to play, and flowers, oh, the most beautiful flowers, growing in masses everywhere. It is just such a spot as fairies would choose for their home and artists would delight to paint. In Japan there are thousands of houses and gardens like the one here described.

“This dear little, queer little house is always kept neat and clean. Nobody wears shoes inside

the house; their queer wooden shoes are left outside the door, but indoors, the family goes about in stocking feet or barefooted. Visitors take off their shoes, too, before entering the house and leave them with the toes pointing towards the doors. Before they leave, some member of the household slips out and politely turns the shoes towards the street. This is polite form in Japan.

“Meals are served on the floor, that is, sitting on the floor. Suppose it is breakfast; the father is served first. His breakfast consists of soup and rice served in red bowls placed before him on a tiny red table about four inches high. He drinks his soup from the bowl, for spoons are not used in Japan, and eats his rice with two chopsticks instead of a fork.

“While the father is at breakfast, a servant may slide back one of the paper doors and step in carrying a tray. She will set the tray before the father, bow down until her nose touches the floor and then will say very politely: ‘Bestow your distinguished attention upon my miserable pickles, O Master!’ Then the father may take a pickle, after which the servant will again bow to the floor and then back solemnly and politely out of the room.

“This custom shows you how very polite people are in Japan, where everybody bows to everybody else and often kneels down to do it, too.

“When the father has finished his meal, the

mother and other members of the family come into the room to eat their simple dishes, but not until the father has withdrawn from the room.

“In Mr. Sato’s family was a little girl about twelve years of age whose name was ‘Cho’. In English the name means Butterfly, and if you could have seen her flit about the garden you would have said she was properly named. There was also a baby in the family, and Butterfly’s daily task was to take care of her wee brother. How do you think she did it? Not at all like little American girls who rock the baby in a cradle or wheel it about in a baby cab. No, in Japan, the baby is carried on the mother’s back, somewhat after the fashion of an Indian papoose, and that was the way Butterfly carried her little brother about all day. Whenever she ran, or jumped the rope, the baby on her back jumped also; his little head wobbled about dreadfully, but he didn’t mind it and never once offered to cry.

“Little Japanese girls have a game they love to play with a rubber ball. They bounce it upon the ground, keeping time to a little song which they sing. Each time the ball comes up, it is struck back with the hand at just the right instant. Should anyone miss a stroke, she must receive on her face a black mark made with charcoal. Sometimes a poor player’s face is so badly marked that the mother can scarcely know her own daughter.

“Butterfly has an older brother, Kaio. He wears a blue kimono, with big sleeves and a sash about his waist. The big sleeves are really big pockets, and in them Kaio carries, boy fashion, all sorts of trinkets, such as marbles, a top, some string, and a ball. When he goes to school he carries, among other things in his big sleeves, a little stove for use if need be.

“Have you ever heard how birthdays are celebrated in Japan? No? Well, you shall hear of this curious custom. No matter what time of year one may be born, his birthday will not be observed until the national day arrives. For girls, this day is in March and for boys it is in May. Even if brother and sister are twins, the birthday of the one will be celebrated in March and of the other in May. It is as though all American boys and girls celebrated their birthdays on July Fourth—the birthday of our nation.

“A stranger in America would know by the general display of flags on July Fourth that some holiday was being celebrated. So in Japan there are signs which tell unmistakably when the annual celebration of children’s birthdays has arrived. When the birthday of the boys arrives, there is set up in front of every house, where a boy lives, a tall pole from the top of which one or more paper fish float—one fish for every boy in the family. The fish is made with large mouth and eyes, painted in bright colors, and a string is attached

to his mouth so that he floats in the air and flaps his fins as though caught with a hook and line in the water.

“Kaio was an observing boy. He noticed that all of the fish were of the kind called carp, and asked why the carp was always chosen.

“ ‘To begin with,’ replied his father, ‘the carp is a very plucky fish. He isn’t the lazy kind that swims only with the current. The carp will swim up stream, against the current, and will even jump up the waterfalls. That’s the kind of a boy I want my son to be. I want him to be brave and strong and plucky.’

“Then the father got out the flag. The Japanese flag is white with a red ball in the center, and Kaio was given a lesson about the national flag and told why the boys’ birthday was called the Feast of Flags.”

HELPS TO STUDY

Reread the story rapidly to find out how birthdays are celebrated in Japan. What part of this story recalls the kite story? Make a drawing of the Japanese flag. Can you find a picture of one in your large dictionary or in some other book? Make a bibliography of books in your own library which tell about life in Japan. Read some of these stories and be prepared to tell to the class some things about Japan not mentioned in this story.

Other Selections: Little Folks of Other Lands, CHANCE; Little Journeys.

HOW NANABUSH CAUGHT THE DUCKS

Problem: Dramatize this selection. As a class exercise, decide how many scenes will be presented, what characters will be represented. Write the dialogue for the play. Appoint pupils to play the parts and present this play to the school. It will add greatly to the effect, if the players wear brightly colored costumes made of crepe paper.

There died in 1916 at the age of ninety-seven one of the most famous of the Ojibwa story-tellers. His Indian name was "Kitchie-Penascie" or "Big Thunder." In the following story he tells how Nanabush, the giant, laid a snare for the ducks.

One time Nanabush was walking, very tired and hungry. He came to a lake with a nice sandy beach and thought it a good place to kill some ducks, as there were many ducks on the water. He called to one of the ducks, and when she came he asked, "Is your Chief Duck here any place?"

"Yes, he is here and he is chief of all kinds of ducks," replied the duck.

Then Nanabush said, "I should like to see him and have a talk with him."

"If you wish to see him," said the duck, "I will bring him here," and in a little while she returned with the Chief Duck.

"Well," said Nanabush, "do you know what is going to take place here very soon?"

"No," said the Chief Duck.

"There is going to be a big dance," said Nanabush.

"Who is going to furnish the music?" quacked the Chief Duck in his most musical voice.

"I am going to furnish the music," replied Nanabush, and he reached out his hand for his drum, and began to sing and play.

This pleased the Chief Duck very much and he began to waddle back and forth keeping time to the music. "But when is the big dance to be held?" he asked.

"If you like," said Nanabush, "we can have it to-night."

"That just suits me," said the Chief Duck, "and I will tell all the ducks to come, too," he added, as he went away.

Nanabush got everything ready. He made a big camp and built a big fire inside. About dark Nanabush started to sing and the ducks came from all around. He told them that as soon as they came inside they would have to close their eyes. Then he began singing a lively tune and all the ducks started dancing in with their eyes closed. He told them they had to pass right in front of him.

The ducks did as they were told, and as each duck passed along he grabbed it and twisted its

neck and threw it behind him. He was getting a great pile of ducks, until one curious little fellow, a diver, opened his eyes a little bit and saw what Nanabush was doing. He gave a loud squawk and told all the other ducks to run away.

There was a great rush for the door, but before the little duck got out Nanabush kicked him and stepped on his feet. This is the reason why the diver ever since has flat feet, and legs that stick out behind.

Nanabush gathered up all of the dead ducks and buried them in the hot ashes to cook. Then he lay down to sleep. When he woke up, the ducks were all gone. A panther had carried them away while the giant slept.

—*Courtesy Col. G. E. Laidlaw.*



HOMEMADE TOYS

Can you read and do? Can you follow directions? Prove it by making these toys.

Cigar boxes can be used for making a number of simple homemade toys. Prepare them for use by placing them in a tub of boiling water, and allowing the labels to soak long enough so they can easily be removed. When the boxes are clean, set them in the sun to dry. Bind the loose covers to the bottoms to prevent warping. When the wood is thoroughly dry, pull the boxes apart. Use the parts which have no painting on them. A scroll saw and a sharp knife are the tools needed.

To make a cart, take a long flat box. Make the wheels, two in number, from two and one-half to three inches in diameter. If you haven't a compass to make the circles, you can mark out the wheels with cups or glass tumblers. Cut the axle rather broad and slightly wider than the wagon box. Fasten the axle to the box and nail the wheels to the ends. Make two handles two inches in width and of equal length, almost twice as long as the wagon box, and fasten them to the underside of the box with little brads or nails.

This little cart painted red, and striped with black makes a good gift for a little boy or girl who likes to haul things about the house and yard.

THE OLD BEEKEEPER

Suppose you were a beekeeper and two boys came along just about the time your bees, from one of the hives, were going to swarm, what do you think you would say? Start this story and read until you find out what the beekeeper did say to them. Ask three questions which you think the boys may have asked Farmer Brown. Then read their discussion.

One morning when Hal and Gridley were on their way to school their attention was drawn in the direction of Farmer Brown's home by a most unusual racket.

The boys stopped and listened. "It must be a charivari (shā-rē-vā-rē') party," said Hal. "That's just the kind of racket the boys made at our house the night sister was married. Let's hurry, Gridley, and see the fun."

When the boys reached Farmer Brown's, sure enough, there was a charivari party out in the garden. Mrs. Brown and all of the children were banging away on kettles and pans as though their lives depended upon the amount of noise they could make. Such antics as those Brown children performed! Each child seemed bent upon making a bigger hubbub than all the rest.

"Come on, boys," shouted Farmer Brown, as he caught sight of them. "You are just in time

for the concert. We need a bass drummer for our band. You boys may drum on this old wash boiler while I try to hive that swarm of bees in yonder apple tree."

Right gladly the boys joined in the concert. While Farmer Brown hurried to fix his ladder in the tree, the band did its best to charm the bees with sweet music.

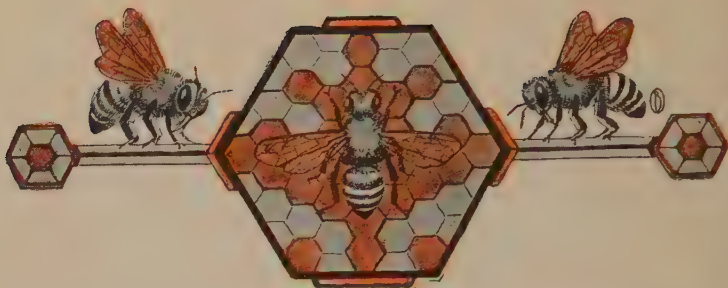
Cautiously climbing the ladder, Farmer Brown sawed off the limb from which the ball of bees was hanging and, carrying it down, shook the bees into a new hive.

As soon as the swarm was safely housed the concert ended. Then Farmer Brown gave himself over to answering questions from the boys about bees.

"It was this way," began Farmer Brown. "The old hive, from which this swarm came, was no longer large enough to hold all of the bees, so a part of the family chose a new queen and decided to start a new home elsewhere. I could have prevented this swarming by providing a new queen and hive, but I waited too long. I didn't expect them to swarm so soon."

"A new queen," said Hal, "what has the queen to do with the swarming of bees?"

"Bees are the most interesting creatures in the world," replied Farmer Brown. "I know something of the habits of bees, but there is still much to learn. First of all, the queen is the head of the



swarm, and no swarm would leave the hive to found a new home without a queen as leader. Her word is law, and wherever she goes the whole swarm follows.

"Come into the shop and I will show you a new queen which just came through the mail from Ohio. Here she is, and you will notice that she is about four times the size of the common bees, because she has to lay all of the eggs for the whole colony.

"Oh, she is a regular laying-machine. Some queens have been known to lay 3,000 eggs in a single day, and as many as 300,000 eggs during their life-time.

"Should the queen die, the bees at once begin to grow a new queen. They build an extra large cell into which they put a bee grub and feed it on the choicest of foods until it grows to queen size.

"Now, let's look inside one of the hives that you may better understand the family life of the bees. This bee hive is a two-story house. The first floor is really the house and the second

floor is the storeroom. Each story holds ten of these comb frames, so made that they can be easily put in or taken out. The bees make their wax combs in these frames with cells opening on each side. In the ten frames are 120,000 cells."

The boys began wondering how many cells each bee would have to fill, and finally Gridley asked Farmer Brown the question.

"Well, it might be five and it might be fifteen," said Farmer Brown, "depending upon the number of bees in the hive; but bees don't work that way. Their work is all carefully divided among the various kinds of workers. In a hive like this many thousands of bees make their home. In the swarm we just hived, there were probably 20,000 bees. You can easily see, therefore, how important it is to the life of the colony that each worker should know his place and know his work.

"Next to the queen come the drones. They are fine looking specimens, but never do any work. They strut about, grooming themselves, and live off the bounty of the workers. From their number the queen chooses her husband.

"The workers are divided almost evenly between nurses and gleaners. The nurses take care of the house, feed and care for the young and attend upon the queen. The gleaners work early and late at the one task of gathering honey and pollen from flowers and fruits. The honey is swallowed and later emptied into the honeycombs;

the pollen is carried in bags on the two hind legs. From this, with the addition of honey and water, other workers make bee-bread to feed the young.

“The queen lays her eggs in the nursery. In three or four days little white grubs hatch out and grow faster than weeds. The first day the little grub gains two hundred seventy-five times its own weight. If you boys had grown so fast you would have weighed a ton when one day old. In a few more days the little grubs become bees and are sent to their places among the workers. No play for them. There is no time to lose. They are born to work, and in less than six months, they will have worked themselves to death.”

“But don’t they sting you, Mr. Brown?” asked Gridley.

“Oh, once in a while by accident, just as a pet dog may sometimes bite his master. But usually the bees learn to know their keeper and do not attack him. Of course it will be wise for the beginner to wear a mask until the bees become acquainted with him, or until he discovers that a bee sting does not poison him.”

“How much honey will a swarm make in a summer?” asked Hal.

“If the season is good, a large hive may produce one hundred pounds, besides what they need for their own food.

“Now, I must go about my work,” said Farmer Brown, “but if I have succeeded in making two

more beekeepers, I shall be well paid; and if you want to know more about bee culture, come again."

"Thank you, Mr. Brown," said the boys, and as they trudged on to school they talked of forming a bee club with Farmer Brown for their leader.

—*Mark Hanson.*

THINGS TO DO

1. Arrange under the following headings all words needed in talking about bees:

bees

home or hives

work

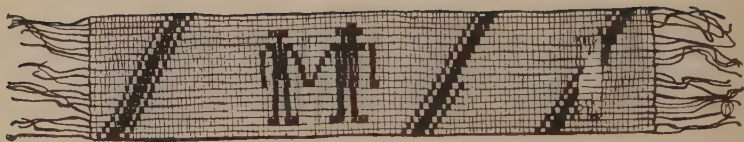
2. Form a bee club and have speeches from the Bee Hive—"Original Speeches" or "Lilliput Lectures": Queen, Drones, Workers, Nurses, Gleaners.

Other Selections: *The Bee People*, MARGARET MORELY;
How Doth The Little Busy Bee.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Find the sentence which tells: (a) how many cells there are in each comb; (b) how much honey a swarm makes in a season; (c) what work the music did; (d) how long the workers live; (e) how large the queen bee is; (f) how many eggs per day the queen bee lays; (g) how many bees are in each hive; (h) why hives have drones; (i) why bees swarm; (j) how the bee hive looks inside; (k) why bees do not sting their keeper; (l) what the young bees feed on; (m) how queens are raised; (n) how rapidly the grub gains in weight.

2. Make a bibliography of stories about bees using the form recommended on page 101.



WAMPUM

Have you ever seen boys use marbles for money? Have you ever seen farmers trade eggs for groceries? How many different kinds of money have you ever seen? Can you name them? This story tells us about one kind of money which was used by the Indians who lived in our country when the white men came.

The Red men who lived in our country over three hundred years ago used wampum for money. Wampum is an Indian word which means "strings of white beads." These strings of beads were made by the Indians from small, thick, spiral shells, found along the Atlantic coast. They gathered these shells and bored holes through the centers, making beads which could be strung on leather strings. With these beads the Indians made necklaces and wristlets, or wove them into belts which were often embroidered in beautiful designs.

When two Indians wished to trade, they would decide upon the number of "beads" the article was worth. Each bead had a known value. White

beads had only half the value of purple or black beads. The purchaser would strip off the required number of shells from the end of the design or cut a piece from the beautiful belt, and the deal was closed.

At times, when trouble arose between tribes of Indians, the stronger tribe would compel the weaker to pay a tax in wampum. The Indians also gave and received wampum belts when they made treaties, considering such an act a seal of friendship.

William Penn, the Quaker who founded the city of Philadelphia, wished to be friendly with the Indians round about him; so he arranged to meet and talk with them. The Indians presented Penn with a beautiful wampum belt, which was their way of promising that they would remain peaceful with the white men.

—C. J. Anderson.

QUESTIONS

1. When one buys something, what is given in exchange for it? 2. What did the early Red men use for money? 3. What does wampum mean? 4. How is wampum made? 5. In what ways is wampum used? 6. How were the beads valued? 7. Who decided the worth of an article? 8. How was payment made? 9. In what other ways was wampum used? 10. When was a wampum belt given as a promise to keep the peace?

Other Selections: Money, *Pioneer Life*, BASS; *Indians and Pioneers*, HAZARD and DUTTON; *Polly, the Pioneer*, NIDA; *Mary Ellen's Wise Purchase*.

THIRTEEN TREES

This is a story about a great man who planted thirteen trees. Some people think thirteen is an unlucky number. It is not unlucky in America. Thirteen occurs very often in the story of our country. You will read this story to find out why Mr. Hamilton planted thirteen gum trees and how he set them.

We learned in the story of the Flag Lady why General George Washington wanted thirteen stars on our first flag. He wanted a star for each of the thirteen states which were soon to become the United States. He also wanted a stripe for each of the states, and that accounts for the thirteen stripes in the flag.

We are told that there were at least thirteen great men who stood by General Washington; that helped him win the war; and then helped form the United States. One of these was a young man named Alexander Hamilton.

At the time of our story Mr. Hamilton's home was on a farm. The farm was named The Grange and was located on the upper end of the island which now forms a great part of New York City. It was at The Grange where Mr. Hamilton, who had taken a leading part in forming the United States, planted thirteen trees. They were all gum trees and were planted in the form of a circle.

Perhaps none of you have ever seen a gum tree.

“A gum tree looks a little like a maple tree, a little like a poplar tree, a little like an oak tree; yet it is different from all. Its bark is rough, like the bark of a white oak, but it is darker in color. In the woods, a gum tree grows rather tall and straight, like a poplar tree, and in the fall of the year its leaves turn to a beautiful red and gold like maple leaves or oak leaves. But the gum leaves are more nearly round than oak or maple leaves.”

Do you wonder why Mr. Hamilton chose gum trees instead of oak or maple?

He may have had a number of reasons, but these are surely some of them. He thought the gum tree was just as sturdy as the oak and just as pretty as the maple. He also knew it was harder than either to split. Mr. Hamilton didn't want the thirteen states of the union to split. He wanted them to grow and to be strong and great like the gum trees.

You must also know why Mr. Hamilton planted the thirteen gum trees in the form of a circle instead of in a row.

A circle has no end. One may walk on and on in a circle and never come to the end of his journey. So Mr. Hamilton wanted the new nation, for which he had worked so hard, to grow large, to be strong and never to come to an end. Just as the gum trees formed a perfect circle, so Mr. Hamil-

ton hoped the states of our country would form a perfect union and stand forever and forever.

—*C. A. Loomis.*

VOICES OF SPRING

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing
Their heads never raising
There are forty feeding as one.

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping—anon—anon!
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

—*William Wordsworth.*

FOX AND HOUNDS



HIS is an old game and one all children like to play. It may be played by any number of players indoors or out.

One player is the fox. His goal is the fox's hole. All the other players are hounds.

The fox will try to steal something, say a cabbage leaf from the garden, and get back to his hole before the hounds can catch him. It is best to give the fox a start of two or three minutes, because he is only one and the hounds are many.

When the fox discovers the hounds are on his trail, he starts for his hole. If he can return safely, he is allowed to be the fox for a second time. If a hound catches him, that hound becomes the fox in the next game.

—*The Game Book.*

QUESTIONS

1. How many players are needed for the game? 2. What does the fox aim to do? 3. Why is the fox given so much start?

If you are a keen reader, you can play this game after reading the directions once.

Other Selections: Children's Games and How to Play Them; *Graded Games and Rhythmic Exercises*, NEWTON.

ON A SHEEP RANCH

What is the difference between a farm and a ranch? Answer, both before and after reading this story.

Donald had never been west. Now he was on his way with his father to visit a sheep ranch in Idaho. The great size of the country, and the newness of the scenery surprised him. Out in the West there seemed to be more room, more sunshine, and more air.

"A wonderful country! I did not know that America was so big," said Donald.

"Yes, my boy. See those sheep on yonder hills? There are so many you cannot count them as you did when you saw them in the fields in the Middle West."

"Why do people go to Idaho to raise sheep? Why don't we raise sheep in the East? How did the sheep get into these mountains, anyhow?" asked Donald.

"There is more room out here, for one thing. New Mexico was the first sheep raising center in our country. You see, the first herds were brought over from Spain to Mexico and worked their way north into New Mexico and California. They found coolness in the hills and mountains which helped to make thick wool, and the herds grazed on the green grass during the day and were shel-

tered in the sheep folds at night. These were Merinos, a breed brought over from Spain in 1853. That was the beginning of the wool industry in the United States."

* * *

Arriving at the ranch, Donald and his father met Angus, the manager, who made them comfortable at the ranch house. In the next few days Donald learned a great deal about sheep raising.

"The sheep have just been sheared," said Angus, "and to-morrow we give them a dipping in a bath of lime and sulphur. This is done to kill the eggs of a small insect, called the tick, which lives upon the sheep."

"I'd like to see the dipping of a thousand sheep," said Donald.

"That you can, to-morrow. It is quite a sight to see the sheep march single file through a trough of water just as hot as they can bear it; but they come out so nice and clean that you are sure they are glad when once they get dry. It usually takes about two days to dip all of the flock. After this is done, the hoofs have to be trimmed before the flocks start for the range; otherwise, they would have sore feet."

"Woolly bodies washed and toe nails trimmed!" laughed Donald. "What else happens?"

"Well, bands must be made up for the herders. There are usually two thousand sheep in a band. A leader or marker is chosen from the flock for



A WESTERN SHEEP RANGE

each one hundred in the band. You know sheep are the queerest creatures under the blue of heaven. If one jumps over a stream at one point all must go that same way. The one game they like to play best is 'Follow the Leader.' Often sheep are lost because they seem to have no minds of their own. If we can have leaders or markers in the band, it makes it easier for the herder to keep track of the band. We may always know, when a leader is lost, that about a hundred have gone with him. Rarely does a sheep wander off by itself. They are fond of going in flocks."

"Do you have dogs?" asked Donald.

"Aye, we do that. They are our best friends," said Angus.

"When we go to the range the dogs go with us. Do you see those wagons over there? Prairie schooners, we call them, because they are the sort of wagon in which the first settlers crossed the country. Those wagons are loaded with food for the men on the range. At certain points, central camps are set up from which provisions are brought to us."

"Don't you come down for your food?" exclaimed Donald.

"Never a bit! When we are off, we're off for the summer to the hills where the tender grass grows. Sheep are the biggest eaters we know. Why, they will eat over a whole hillside in no time. Our Merinos here in Idaho stay out in all sorts of

weather. When winter snows and rains set in, the sheep are driven into the river valleys where they feed upon the sage brush and dried grass until spring. If the picking is too scant, we give them grain and alfalfa hay."

"Are Merinos the only kind of sheep on the range?" asked Donald.

"There are Merinos a-plenty, and fine wool growing sheep they are, too; but there are other breeds as well, Lincolns, Dorsets, Horns, Cheviots, Tunis, Persians, and English Downs, and—

"Oh, Angus!" interrupted Donald, "How can I remember all those names? I'll never think again that a sheep is just a sheep. Besides I am going up on the range with you."

"It's a fine time we'll have on the range, lad. You'll like the big sky, the crisp air, and the peace of it. We'll take along a few pots and pans and do our own cooking. It is just like camping out."

"I like camping!" said Donald.

"Then you'll like the range. It's quiet-like. You have time to think and to read, so we take along a few books. The dogs are good company, too. We sleep in the day and watch the sheep at night. Often the sheep start feeding in the moonlight and away they go—and you and your dogs go with them. Sometimes in the night wild animals steal down and attack the herds."

"Wild animals?" said Donald.

"Yes, bears, bob-cats, mountain lions, and coy-

otes! When they are hungry they prowl around after the poor, helpless sheep."

"I'd like to see a bear!" exclaimed Donald.

* * *

When Donald arrived on the range, he was greeted by the bleating of hundreds of lambs romping about near their mothers.

"Are—are—lambs always so long-legged?" queried Donald timidly, half afraid to ask it, and yet half-laughing at the long-legged creatures. "They seem to have no bodies at all—just legs."

"That's the nature of lambs. Just enough body to keep their legs in place. Wait awhile and they'll be the prettiest things you ever saw. Each mother knows her own lamb. We must know them, too, so we are busy now tagging each lamb with an earring bearing our flock mark and the lamb's number. At the same time we dock the tails of the lambs, lest they become foul. In the sheep book, opposite the ewe's number, we enter the tag number of the lamb. This is the way we keep track of the flock."

"My! what a lot of things to do. It's like taking the census."

"So it is. It's keeping a family history, and you can look up in the books the history of every sheep we have."

"Sheep raising seems to lead from one thing to another," reflected Donald. "Who would think of

all that wool goes through before it is made into clothes for us.”

“It’s a long story, and an interesting one,” answered Angus. “We are only at the beginning with our lambs. As they grow strong and sure-footed, they climb the rocks, nibble grass, and grow coats of wool to be sheared when the time comes.”

“When is the shearing done?”

“Usually about the first of May, the flocks are driven to the nearest town for shearing. Our nearest point is Glen City. We go there because it is more convenient to have the wool clipped near the railroad. In that way we do away with carting it. The fleece can be sheared, packed, weighed, and put right on the cars. Besides, we get the power to run our plant from Glen City. Our shearing is done by electric power and not by hand, you know.”

“It must be a great sight! It must be just the way men clip horses or the barber cuts my hair,” said Donald.

“Exactly so. Once sheep were washed before being clipped, but buyers care little for washed fleeces now. They will pay about as much for good wool unwashed as washed, and it saves us a lot of trouble. Besides, it is better for the sheep. The thick fleeces stay damp for many days and often the washed sheep suffer a shock and are likely to be sick. Sometimes we have the wool

scoured before selling it, if a buyer wishes it done."

"I remember," said Donald. "You give a sheep his bath after he loses his coat. I wager he is as glad to shed his coat, as we are ours, on a hot summer day."

"The sheds are full of tied fleeces and loose wool ready to be packed in large burlap bags. The men pack the bag half full, jump into it and tramp the fleece down solidly; then it is sewed up, pushed on the scales and weighed. The weight is entered in a big book and marked on the bag, and that's the end of it," said Angus.

"Oh, no!" said Donald. "It has to be sold. It has to be manufactured into yarn and cloth."

"I know," said Angus, "but here we have no selling. We send our clip direct to the mills at a certain price agreed upon by the wool grower and the mill owner. That's another story. I only know about sheep on the range."

—*Angus McDonald.*

HELPS TO STUDY

Prepare an outline which will help you to tell parts of the story. Choose the part you desire to tell and clearly set the facts before you so you can tell it well. This will help you:

1. Donald and his father, on their way to the sheep ranch in the West.

- a.

- b.

2. What Donald learned the first day at the sheep ranch.
 - a.
 - b.
 - c.
 - d.
 - e.
3. What Donald learned about a sheep herder's life on the range.
 - a.
 - b.
 - c.
4. Sheep shearing on a large scale.
 - a.
 - b.
 - c.

A MEMORY TEST

See if you can memorize this selection in three minutes. Notice carefully every item mentioned and the words that rhyme.

LIGHT

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
But the light of the whole life dies
When love is done.

—*Bourdillon.*

THE CIRCUS MOVIES

Note to Teacher: All children enjoy acting. Here is a selection to test the child's powers to comprehend quickly what he reads and his ability to reproduce the substance of it by spoken word and action.

In using this selection, no previous notice should be given. Assign the parts quickly, by number. No matter, if two or three children have the same part. Allow one-half minute for reading and three or four minutes for the actors to "make up" in anything that is convenient. After marching once or twice around the room, the children return to their seats and each in turn reads aloud the part he was trying to portray. A vote of the class decides which actor is best. It will add materially to the merriment of the circus, if costumes are provided and placed conveniently in the cloak rooms.

Trumpeter: Too-toot! Too-t-o-o-t! Too-toot! Too-t-o-o-t! I am the trumpeter. I ride at the head of the parade and blow my trumpet as much as to say, "Get out of the way! Here comes the parade!" Sometimes I shout, "Take care of your horses, the elephants are coming! Too-toot! Too-t-o-o-t!" I wear a red coat and a tall silk hat. My horse, (broomstick) also, wears a fancy covering and prances proudly in the lead.

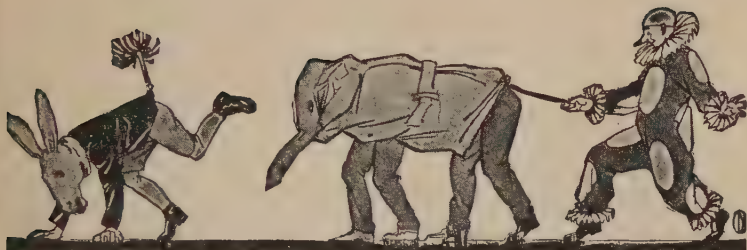
The Band Boy: I am a member of the "hayseed" band. Some of my clothes are much too large and some much too small for me. No mat-



ter, that is part of my clownish make-up. I try to be as funny as I can. I play the slide trombone. If I see some girls looking at me, I go tr-r-r-r-toot! just like that, to make them laugh and giggle. Sometimes I pull off my false wig to show my bald head.

Miss Columbia: I am the emblem of America. I ride erect through the streets, draped in the colors of my country, admired and applauded by all the people. I look neither to the right nor the left and utter not a sound. I am a statue.

The Brown Bear: I am a brown bear and wear a brown suit. Some people change their clothes once a week. That's too much trouble. I change mine once a year. I can be funny if I want to be. I can walk on two legs or four legs, as suits my fancy. That's more than you can do. "Why do I keep shaking my head? I don't know. That's what I mean—I don't know. "Why do I wear this ring in my nose?" I don't know, but I think it looks better in my nose than it would in some little girl's ear.



The Donkey: H-o-n-k-ee, honkee, honkee, h-o-n-k! I am the trick donkey. I can do all sorts of tricks, such as standing on my head, drinking from a bottle, or ringing a bell. But I have the most fun with smart boys who try to ride on me. I can teach them how to stand on their heads in just a few seconds. Hee-haw!

The Elephant: (Two boys under a large coat, the sleeve for a trunk.) How do you do, children. I'm so glad to see you, especially if you have some peanuts for me or a piece of candy. I often give children a ride on my back, but it is too hot to-day. Come to see me sometime, and don't forget the peanuts.

The Clown: Do you know who I am? I'm Santa Claus—all that's left of him. I can't play Santa Claus all the year, so I joined a circus and here I am. Now, can one of you boys tell me what has two heads and only one body? A barrel! Ha, ha, ha! How's that for a double-header? And now this little girl (pointing to one) will tell me what makes the hen go across the road. "To get on the other side." Well, well, well! What a

smart teacher you must have. There's no use trying to teach you new tricks. Good-bye.

READ AND ACT

Can you act these word pictures? Read each paragraph over carefully and be prepared to act one of the pictures. You must understand clearly what you have read if you are to be a good actor.

1. The old man was seated at a desk with a stack of papers before him. At his right was an open law book. Suddenly seizing the uppermost paper, he tore it into bits, and threw the pieces on the floor. He then stamped about the room in great anger.

2. After a great feast the tired Indians lay down to rest. Boone and his companion, although seeming to be asleep, kept awake and listened. Soon even the sentinels were slumbering. Then the two prisoners rose quietly and crept out of camp.

3. The sentinel stood on the brow of the hill facing the great plain. Back of him was a dense woods covering the hillside. Up through this thicket of bushes and trees crept three of the enemy's scouts. Stealthily they approached him. Just as they were about to strike him down, he turned about and gave the alarm.

4. The fire was burning low. Before it sat a girl wrapped in a shawl, her hand held out to the tiny blaze. Beside her crouched a dog. Suddenly the door was opened and several people entered. A basket containing food was placed on the table. Fuel was heaped on the fire. The girl lifted her head and smiled.

5. One day as David sat watching his sheep, he heard a noise in the bushes not far away. Springing to his feet, he grasped his staff firmly and stood ready to fight for his flock.

THE DATE PALM

The author calls the date palm "a wonderful tree." How many reasons can you find for thinking he is right?

Visit a peach orchard, an apple orchard, a pineapple garden, an orange grove, or a grove of date palms. Go by way of Picture Land if you can go no other way. Make a visit to the greenhouse in the park, if there is one, to see the date palms. Ask five questions about the palm tree. Then read this story.

Will you stop beneath my palm tree,
Will you sit within the shade,
While I tell of many useful things
That from the tree are made?

The date palm is a wonderful tree. It grows in the desert in an oasis. Seen at a distance, it looks like a giant feather duster stuck in the sand. The leaves grow only at the top and are called fronds.

Often the date palm grows eighty feet high and may produce two hundred pounds of dates on a single tree. The dates are found at the top in clusters which weigh from ten to twenty pounds.

You wouldn't care to climb a tree eighty feet high after green dates, would you? But monkeys enjoy climbing. They enjoy dates, too. So the Arabs first send up a monkey to see if the dates are ripe. If the monkey smacks his lips and says,

“yum-yum,” that means in monkey language, “The dates are ripe. If you want any come up and get them.” Then the men and boys climb the trees and bring down the clusters on their backs. Under the trees, other men sort and pack the dates in boxes. When all are gathered, a train of camels carries the boxes to the seacoast.

Few trees have as many uses as the date palm. Indeed, there is no part of it that the Arab doesn't put to his use. The wood may be used for fuel, for fence posts, or for tent poles. From the bark, he makes ropes for his tents and halters for his camels. The women also weave mats and baskets of all kinds out of the strips of bark, and from the leaves, they make large fans and coarse rugs.

Of course, the date palm is planted chiefly for its fruit—the box dates sold at the grocery and candy shop; but there is another part of the date palm that is used for food. It is the tip top bud of the tree. The Arab considers this green food a great delicacy, and whenever he wishes to give his guest a special treat, he serves this part of the tree to him as “palm cabbage.”

From the sap of the tree, the Arab makes a strong drink. When he has eaten his fill of dates, the seeds are collected, dried, and roasted. The roasted seeds supply him with “date coffee.” He also has a method of taking oil from the seeds and then grinding them into feed for his stock.

Without the date palm, life in the desert would

be unbearable. At home it shelters and feeds his family, and on the journey across the desert, the date is both his meat and drink.

—*Little Journeys.*

QUESTIONS

1. Where does the date palm grow? 2. Of what does it remind you? Why? 3. How high does it grow? Compare with an apple tree. 4. What use is made of the monkey? 5. How are the dates gathered, packed, and shipped? 6. What use do the natives make of the fruit?

Other Selections: Children of the Palm Lands, ALLEN; Gemila, and Seven Little Sisters, ANDREWS; Jose in Cuba, In Field and Pasture, DUTTON; Our Little Arabian Cousin, MORRIS; Children of Other Lands, BLAISDELL; Recipe for Stuffed Dates.



HUNTING EAGLES

The selection given below is a test of how sharp your eyes are. Read it over carefully. Be sure that you understand the meaning of all of the difficult words. Then follow the directions given. Prove that your eyes are as sharp as an eagle's and that you are just as keen a hunter as he is.

The American eagle, like the American flag, is much used as a symbol of our country and its laws. Pictures and images of the eagle are used as symbols in all sorts of ways by our national government and also by the states.

The game is to see how many eagle symbols may be found within, say, thirty minutes. A careful record must be kept of the exact place where every eagle is found.

Any number of players may take part in the eagle hunt. Each player may hunt by himself, but it is more fun to hunt in groups of equal number.

Where to hunt: Look in a large dictionary for pictures of the seals of all the states. Count those that show an eagle. Does the seal of your state contain one? Be sure to look at the great seal of the United States.

Suppose that you next look up the word seal in a reference book. Your teacher will tell you the

name of the book, or the several books in which the words seal and symbol may be found.

Still another place to look is in a book, or story, about the American flag. And don't overlook the soldier boys! It will be strange, indeed, if they can't tell you where whole flocks of eagles may be found.

Now look at some coins and paper money. If you know of a collection of old coins somewhere, look them over closely for eagles. You should learn many other things of interest, too, while hunting eagles on old coins.

When you have finished the hunt, see how many answers you can give to this question: Why is the American eagle a good symbol of our country? The group that finds, and can locate the largest number of eagles, wins the hunt.

—*The Game Book.*

WORD STUDY

symbol of our country	a careful record
images of the eagle	seals of all the states
our national government	collection of old coins
things of interest	great seal of the United States
by the states	a large dictionary
flocks of eagles	paper money
seal and symbol	a reference book
follow directions	difficult words
sharp eyes	wins the hunt

THE GRASSHOPPER

“Is the grasshopper green because he lives in the grass or does he live in the grass because he is green?”

“What have you caught, my boy?” said I to a lad about ten years of age who was approaching me with something in his hands.

“It’s a grasshopper, Mister, a green grasshopper. He chews tobacco, too. Want to see him squirt it?”

Before I could make any reply, he pinched the grasshopper slightly and showed me how his captive would spit tobacco juice on his fingers. It wasn’t tobacco juice, of course,—although grasshoppers do eat the tender green leaves of the tobacco plant—but a dark-brown fluid which the grasshopper makes to protect himself from enemies.

“Well, well,” said I, “what a strange animal for a pet. Are you fond of catching grasshoppers and crickets?”

“Yes, sir,” came the quick reply. “It’s lots of fun to catch them in a net, but it’s more fun to watch them do tricks. This fellow can comb his hair with his hind feet.”

“I’m certainly glad to meet a boy who is so interested in grasshoppers and bugs, because that’s my hobby, too. Suppose we sit down here and

talk about your pet a little while. Why do you suppose he is called a grasshopper?"

"I don't know, Mister. I never thought of that. Do you know?"

"You may call me Mr. Jones, if you like. And what name may I call you?"

"Jack. John Simons is my name, but most of the fellows call me Jack. But do you know why he is called a grasshopper?" insisted my new friend.

"I think it is because he is the color of grass, lives in the grass, feeds on grass, and moves about by long hops. Do you see that long pair of legs? Those are what he uses for hopping. If you had such strong legs, in proportion to your size, you could hop over the tallest trees and buildings, jump over bridges and streams, and leap over a hill with one or two bounds. Wouldn't it be fun to be a human grasshopper?"

"Tell me, Jack, are all grasshoppers of a green color?"

"Oh, no, sir. I've seen two kinds: green grasshoppers in the grass and gray ones along the dusty road. The gray ones have longer horns, too, and I guess are better fighters."

"Those are not real horns, Jack. Let's call them by the right name—antennae. They probably serve the same purpose for a grasshopper that whiskers do for a cat.

"But I want you to think a moment about the

color of these insects. Do you think the grasshopper is green because he lives in the grass or does he live in the grass because he is green? Does a gray grasshopper feel safer from his enemies as he sits in the dusty road than when he sits in the grass? Do you remember how much the meadow lark looks like the dry grass in which she builds her nest? Have you ever seen little green snakes with black marks on them, so that they looked like stems of grass with shadows crossing them? If you have a sharp pair of eyes, you may have seen other creatures which seem to take on the color of their surroundings. Can you see any reason for this?"

"I think it's so the birds can't see them so easily. Birds are as fond of grasshoppers as bees are of honey, and if the grasshoppers couldn't hide from sight, there wouldn't be any in a short time."

"A very good reason. Now let's examine this specimen more closely. You can see that the body is divided into three parts: a large head, a thick thorax, and a long abdomen. The head has two antennae, very large eyes, and strong jaws for biting and grinding its food. To the thorax are attached the three pairs of legs and the two pairs of wings. When the wings are folded, they form a covering for the abdomen.

"The eyes are worth a little further notice. There are two kinds: a pair of large ones, and smaller ones besides. If we had a magnifying

glass, we should see that the large eyes are made up of many smaller ones. The three small eyes are single ones. Why do you suppose the grasshopper has so many eyes?"

"He has to watch out for birds all the time and on all sides," replied Jack, "and perhaps it's so one pair of eyes can sleep while the others keep watch."

"Perhaps you are right, Jack. I had never thought of that before. But birds are not the only enemies of the grasshopper. Other insects are as fond of her eggs as a cat is of mice. For this reason mother grasshopper hides her nest and does her best to protect her tiny eggs. She digs a hole in the ground with her egg-layer and puts her eggs in it. Then she drops a sticky fluid over them, which hardens, to protect the nest. When this is done, she covers over the nest carefully and leaves the eggs to hatch out the following spring. That is all she can do for her young. When cold weather comes, if some enemy has not already gobbled her up, mother grasshopper says good-bye to her friends and dies.

"When the warm spring sun hatches the eggs, the young come out of the ground looking like their mother, except that they are very much smaller and have only scales for wings. They feed upon green vegetation and grow very rapidly. If you grew as rapidly, your mother would have to make a new and larger suit for you every week.

Soon they become too large for their skin, which bursts along the back. They begin to wriggle, and by the time they have gotten out of the old suit a brand new one has grown in its place. By the time they are full-grown, they will have changed their coats six times!"

"That's because they eat so much," broke in Jack. "I know how it feels. I had to open my coat once, too, the time I had too many pancakes. But, Mr. Jones, don't grasshoppers sometimes do a great deal of damage?"

"Yes, indeed. Sometimes they become very numerous and migrate in swarms. Stories are told of huge swarms so thick as to darken the sun. At one time they swooped down upon the farms of Kansas and devoured every green thing in sight. Had it not been for timely aid from other states, many people and animals, in the plague-stricken section of Kansas, would have starved to death. Grasshoppers must be kept in check, and, for this purpose, there is nothing better on the farm than large flocks of chickens, ducks, and turkeys.

"One thing more, Jack, and then I must go. If you wish to study insects, make a large wire-screen cage and cover the bottom with sand. Put in a few pots of grass and plants for them to feed on, and then gather your specimens. If you will watch them, with the aid of an opera-glass, I'm sure you will learn many interesting things about your pets."

"I have it! Mr. Jones," exclaimed Jack, "I can make a cage out of wire screen, the way I made the fly traps."

"Just so, my boy. Make it of wire on top and the sides, then you can watch your specimens in any position. In this way, I learned that Mr. Grasshopper is a fiddler. He uses his hind legs as a bow and his wings as a violin. He plays one tune and his brother another—no two play the same tune. Perhaps that is one way Mrs. Grasshopper has of knowing her husband, by his own tune. At any rate, she thinks one tune is enough for the whole family, as she neither sings nor plays.

"Now good-bye, and may your insect cage give you a summer full of pleasure."

—*The Young Naturalist.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Can you find any statements to prove that Jack was fond of pets?
2. Do grasshoppers chew tobacco?
3. What reasons can you find for calling this insect a grasshopper?
4. Is the grasshopper green because he lives in the grass?
5. What advantage is it to the roadside grasshopper to wear a gray, dusty coat?
6. Why does the grasshopper have so many eyes?
7. How does mother grasshopper protect her eggs?
8. Describe how you would make a cage in which to keep grasshoppers.
9. In what sense is the grasshopper a fiddler?
10. Tell of one case where swarms of grasshoppers did a great deal of damage to growing crops.

OLD ABE

Probably the most famous bird this country ever knew was a bald eagle named "Old Abe." This story tells what made him famous and how he got his name. It is a true story and was known by millions of school children a generation ago.



IN THE spring of 1861 some Indians, while making maple sugar in northern Wisconsin, captured a young eagle in the top of a tall pine tree. They carried it to the home of a settler and traded it to the settler's wife for a basket of corn. The young bird grew into a fine pet and was content to stay about the dooryard. The other household pets, however, didn't care for his company; they kept at a safe distance and never offered to pick a fight.

When the eagle was about six months old, the settler took him to Eau Claire and offered him to a new company of soldiers as a pet. The soldiers were so delighted with the offer that they paid the owner five dollars for the bird, and renamed their company the "Eau Claire Eagles."

When the "Eau Claire Eagles" marched into Camp Randall with the proud young eagle alongside of their flag, they attracted no small amount

of attention. Crowds gathered to see the strange pet and watch his antics. Some wit suggested calling him "Old Abe," in honor of President Abraham Lincoln. This name pleased everyone, so "Old Abe" he remained to the end of his days, and his regiment became known as the "Eagle Regiment"—the Eighth Wisconsin.

In a few months the regiment started for the front. All along the route people gathered to see the soldiers and especially to see their pet. At one place a man offered two hundred dollars for the bird. At St. Louis another man offered the soldiers five hundred dollars for their pet. But Old Abe was not for sale at any price.

One member of the company was given particular charge of Old Abe. A perch was made for him, in the shape of a slanting shield on the end of a six-foot pole, and to this the bird was tied with a thirty-foot stout cord. While on the march his keeper carried his charge aloft above the heads of all the soldiers. Sometimes the bird tired of his captivity and broke away, but he never failed to return and always knew to which regiment he belonged.

Old Abe's place, whether in battle or on the march, was always beside the colors. On one occasion the Eagle Regiment had halted and another regiment was ordered to march by them. As the colors came by, the color bearer of course saluted the flag, and Old Abe, not to be outdone by a mere

soldier, stretched himself up to full height and flapped out a salute to the flag that thrilled the soldier boys and called forth cheer after cheer for the noble bird.

Altogether Old Abe took part in thirty-eight battles. Sharpshooters tried in vain to pick him off. Several times bullets passed through his feathers, and once a slight skin wound was found on his right wing. He was always at his post of duty and never flinched. Every man in the regiment loved Old Abe and would have died for him if need be. His presence always gave his comrades courage. In battle his scream was wild and commanding, five or six notes in quick succession. It gave the men a startling thrill and inspired them to deeds of valor.

After the Eagle Regiment returned home, the soldier bird was presented to the State of Wisconsin. A room was fitted up for him in the basement of the State Capitol and a perch built outside in the park. Here the famous bird was visited by thousands, and here he lived until his untimely death. He perished in a fire that broke out in the capitol.

Nor was Old Abe forgotten after death. His skin was mounted and placed in the rotunda of the capitol, and other thousands came to see him. One day a visitor wearing large eyeglasses asked if that was Old Abe, the Wisconsin war eagle. When told it was the very bird, he exclaimed with

boyish delight, "By George! I am delighted to see him! I learned about him from my reader when I was a boy in school." When asked to write his name on the register he wrote, "Theodore Roosevelt, Oyster Bay, New York."

—*Courtesy of Hosea Rood.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. When and by whom was the young eagle captured? How was the young bird cared for? 2. What does the word "antics" mean? 3. How did the company of soldiers obtain the eagle? 4. How did they treat him? 5. How did the eagle get its name? 6. How do we know that the Eighth Wisconsin was fond of their pet? 7. How was he carried while on the march? 8. In what way did "Old Abe" show his patriotism?

THINGS TO DO

1. Read in "History of Wisconsin" the story of Old Abe.
2. Draw a picture of the American Eagle for a booklet about the story of Old Abe.

A DICTIONARY DRILL

The following words are taken from the selection above. Arrange them in alphabetical order.

eagle	offer	learned	wing
pine	antics	honor	flinched
settler	wit	was	inspiring
basket	remained	tied	young
corn	known	captivity	gentlemen
bird	front	regiment	Oyster Bay
dooryard	route	halted	Roosevelt
company	member	whether	delighted

BRAVERY HONORED BY A FOE

In the following story of the Civil War the author shows Nathan Cunningham to be a brave soldier boy. See if you can find out why. See if you think it was his bravery that prompted the Union officer to say, "Back with your rifles, men!"

In a rifle pit, on the brow of a hill near Fredericksburg, Virginia, were several Confederate soldiers. Their ammunition was used up in a vain attempt to check Hooker's fine army which was crossing the river. To the relief of these riflemen came more troops in double-quick time. But no sooner were the fresh troops in the trenches than the firing on the opposite side of the river became terrific.

A heavy mist hid the scene. The Union soldiers poured a rapid fire into the trenches. Soon many Confederates fell, and the pitiful cries of the wounded deeply touched the hearts of their helpless comrades.

"Water! Water!" But there was none to give. The canteens were empty.

"Boys," exclaimed Nathan Cunningham, a lad of eighteen and the color bearer of his regiment, "I can't stand this any longer. They want water, and water they must have. Let me have a few canteens and I'll go for some."

Carefully laying the colors in a trench, he seized some canteens and leaping into the mist was soon out of sight.

Shortly after this the firing ceased for a while, and an order came for the men to fall back to the main line of defense.

As the Confederates were retreating they met Nathan Cunningham, his canteens full of water, hurrying to relieve the thirst of the wounded men in the trenches. He glanced at the passing column and saw that the faded flag which he had carried so long was not there. The men in their haste to obey orders had forgotten or overlooked the colors.

Quickly the lad ran to the trenches, intent now not only on giving water to his comrades, but on rescuing the flag and saving the honor of his regiment.

His mission of mercy was soon accomplished. The wounded men drank freely. Then the lad found and seized the colors, and turned to rejoin his regiment. Scarcely had he gone three paces when a company of Union soldiers appeared climbing the hill.

"Halt and surrender!" came the stern command, and a hundred rifles were leveled at the boy's breast.

"Never! while I hold the colors," was his firm reply.

The morning sun, piercing through the dense

mist, showed the lad proudly standing with his head thrown back and his flag grasped in his hand, while his bare breast was exposed to the fire of his foe.

A moment's pause. Then the Union officer gave his command: "Back with your rifles, men, don't shoot that brave boy."

And Nathan Cunningham, with colors flying over his head, passed on and joined his regiment.

His comrades in arms still tell with pride of his brave deed and of the generous act of a foe.

—*Ben La Bree.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. When did this incident happen? Where? 2. What two things did this brave lad attempt to do? 3. What saved him from instant death? 4. Pick out four paragraphs that contain good word pictures. With the assistance of some classmates "act out" these pictures. Have the remainder of the class guess which paragraph you are presenting.

FOLLOW DIRECTIONS

1. If the Confederate soldiers had any ammunition left, place your book on the floor. 2. If the wounded soldiers were thirsty, write your first name upon the blackboard. 3. If the water was brought to them in a pail, write the word "water" upon the blackboard.

Other Selections: A Little Confederate Hero, THOMAS N. PAGE; Barbara Fritchie.

THE WOOLEN MILLS

Read this story carefully. Be prepared to name in order each step that the wool goes through from its entrance to the factory until it becomes a piece of blue serge. Be prepared to answer ten questions about the process, questions which your teacher will prepare.

Donald and his father had returned from their visit to Idaho. Mr. Gray was busy looking after business affairs, but Donald was lonely, for his playmates had all gone on their vacations.

"I don't know what to do with myself, father. I was so busy on the ranch and now I have nothing to do," complained Donald, "and there's nobody to play with around here."

"Didn't I hear you tell Angus that you were going to follow the story of wool from the back of the sheep to the legs of a boy, or was it from back to back?" laughed Mr. Gray. "Why not begin now? You might go to the warehouse where wool is stored. Then I'll take you out to the Monitor Mills to-morrow for the closing chapters in this book on wool."

So away Donald went to the warehouse where the wool was stored. Here were great piles of wool reaching from floor to ceiling. Some piles contained only the finest wool; others, the next

best quality; and still other piles, the coarsest grades. Some of it was scoured, and some was not. There was wool from the West, from South America, and from Australia. Wool! wool! wool! Wool everywhere, mountains of it. Donald didn't like the smell particularly and he wondered how the men who were judging the fibres and grading the wool, and those who were sorting and packing it in bags, ready for the mills, liked it.

The next day, Donald and his father drove over to the Monitor Mills. On the way, Mr. Gray told him something about the wool market, the buying and selling of wool, and how the prices are fixed by men each year, according to the supply and demand throughout the world. Much of this slipped over Donald's head. He was glad to have his father talk about it, even if he didn't understand it very well.

"Here we are at the Monitor Mills," said Mr. Gray. A large building with many windows, through which came the whir of machinery, stood in the center of a green grass plot. At one side was the office building, an ivy covered structure, which looked cool and inviting. Mr. Morgan, the mill owner, greeted the visitors pleasantly, "I received your telephone message. So you want to see how cloth is made, my young man," addressing Donald. "Well, I will start you out with our guide, and I will join you in a few moments."

Mr. Harmer, the guide, showed them into a part

of the building where the wool was being sorted by men who were experts in judging its quality. They worked at pans covered with wire netting which allowed the dirt to fall through, while they handled the wool, picking out straws, burrs, and other waste caught in the sheep's coat.

"The wool must be picked clean and carefully sorted or it will not dye well. The finest wool comes from the sides of the sheep, and the coarser, stiffer fibres from the head and legs. In the next room we will see the washing," said their guide.

What fun to see the steam blown through the wool, softening the fibres and making them as light as feathers! The fleece was washed in great bowls or vats of soap and water. "It must be washed carefully so the fibres will not curl or snarl," said Mr. Harmer.

"What is that machine for?" inquired Donald.

"That machine is picking the wool apart so the air can get through it and help to dry it. That makes it light and fluffy. Then it is passed through these great rollers or wringers which squeeze out every bit of moisture."

"How white and clean the wool is now!" said Donald.

"You would never guess that it could be the same wool," said his father. "Wouldn't our Merinos on the ranch parade with pride if they could see their handsome coats now?"

They passed into the dye house. "Here is

where the dyeing is done," said Mr. Morgan who joined them at this point. "Just take a look into those great dye vats. The wool is dropped into them and comes out changed into different colors, blues, browns, tans, and greens."

"Doesn't so much washing and dyeing take out all the oil in the wool and make it very dry?" asked Mr. Gray.

"Yes, it does that very thing. We have to put some oil back into it, and that is done in this set of machines. A fine spray of oil, usually olive oil, is being sprayed on these layers of wool as they pass through the rollers."

"How funny!" said Donald. "First you take all the oil out, and then you put the oil back into the wool, after you have just washed it out."

"That is just what we do," said Mr. Morgan. "It is strange, but it seems to be necessary. We also blend cotton and wool by taking, first, a thin layer of wool and then, putting over it a thin layer of cotton. This produces a new mixture and makes very strong threads. Let us hasten."

Into the carding room they went. "Did you ever see layers of wool combed by a million little wire teeth until all the fibres lay parallel? If you haven't, watch the process. Now follow the thin film of wool as it goes through a cone-like opening and becomes a thick strand of untwisted fibres. Next watch this strand grow smaller and smaller and smaller, until at last you have a twisted thread

of yarn. Then watch the thread of yarn grow fine, ever finer, as it passes over the spindles to the bobbins. Then off to the weaving machines it goes."

"Spindles and bobbins!" said Donald to himself.

Into the weaving rooms went the party, and there amid the uproar of thousands of weaving wheels, bobbins, and shuttles, they watched the threads of yarn travel back and forth, back and forth, until the cloth came from the loom. The cloth was then steamed and pressed, rolled and folded, all by machines that seemed almost human.

Years ago, every part of the process was done by hand—shearing the sheep, washing the wool, carding the wool, spinning, and weaving. Little by little, however, better machines have been made, until now a person simply operates the machine which does most of the work.

"You have seen the best we can show you," said Mr. Morgan. "We try to have up-to-date machines; we use every possible safety guard for protecting our workers; and we provide plenty of fresh air and sunlight in the work rooms. We have rest rooms, also, one for the men, and one for the women. It is our plan to keep people healthy and happy; and now, my young man," turning to Donald, "since you have seen the process, perhaps your father will let you choose your own cloth for your next suit of clothes."

Donald smiled and replied, "May I, father? Maybe this piece of blue serge is made of wool from our Merinos out in Idaho."

Both men smiled, and Mr. Gray said, "We'll take it. Anything from the Monitor Mills bears the stamp of excellence. Thank you for a pleasant and profitable morning."

As they entered the car, Donald said, "Father, I think that I would rather grow wool on the ranch than make it into cloth here. There is far more fun on the range."

—Isobel Davidson.

THINGS TO DO

1. If possible, bring in a spinning wheel and some carded wool to show how our grandmothers spun wool.
2. Secure or make a small hand loom to show how weaving is done by hand.
3. Dye the wool to suit, using Diamond Dyes.

Other Selections: The Red Dress, *National School Service*; John's Trousers, *In Child's World*, EMILIE POULSSON; *How We Are Clothed*, CHAMBERLAIN; Woolen Mills, *Stories of Industry*, Vol. II, CHASE and CLOW; *Story of Wool*, BASSETT.



THE BOY TEACHER

Some cities are practically free from mosquitoes; others suffer throughout the summer from these bloodthirsty pests. Why is it?

Tom had arrived only the evening before for a visit with his cousin Joe, who lived in a small village.

"Come here, Tom, come quick!" exclaimed Joe as soon as his cousin appeared next morning. "See the queer little wrigglers in this rain barrel."

Tom hurried to see what Joe had found, although he could have told his cousin without looking into the barrel. Tom had learned all about "wrigglers" at school and had taken an active part in ridding his home town, Clearwater, of these little pests.

"Those are 'wrigglers' all right," said Tom. "My! how lucky you were to discover them when you did. They are almost ready to escape."

"What are 'wrigglers'?" asked Joe. "What harm would they do if they did escape?"

"You poor innocent!" exclaimed Tom. "I see you need 'instruction,' as my teacher would say. 'Wrigglers' are young mosquitoes. When I heard mosquitoes humming at my window last night I

knew there must be a breeding place near the house, and here it is. This open rain barrel, they think, is here for their special use and, by the number of 'wigglers', I think they have made good use of it.

"The mother mosquito always lays her eggs in standing water. She will seek out an old tin can containing rain water, a bucket, a barrel, or any vessel holding water, and lay her eggs on the surface. In a day or two the eggs hatch into larvae or 'wigglers,' and these in turn become full grown mosquitoes, ready for mischief and death. You know the mosquito's bite may cause fever and death.

"Those small clusters on the surface are masses of eggs. The mother mosquito lays about two hundred at a time, and before the summer is ended her great, great grandchildren may number a million. That is why it is so important to catch all of the early mosquitoes.

"Now for an interesting experiment. Bring a tablespoonful of kerosene oil and pour into the barrel, and to-morrow we will come to see what has happened.

"What will happen, Tom? Tell me first," begged Joe.

"No, indeed," said Tom sternly, "as my teacher would say, that would spoil the experiment. I want you to have the fun of discovering what will happen."

Joe did as he was told and waited anxiously for the morrow.

When Joe looked into the rain barrel the next morning there were no "wrigglers" to be seen. "I guess they have all escaped," he said, "or else they are all dead. The kerosene must have poisoned them."

"You are almost right this time," laughed Tom. "Do you see that thin film of oil over the water? Well, that keeps out the air and without air the 'wrigglers' choke to death. You see, therefore, how easy it is to rid the place of mosquitoes by screening their breeding places or by pouring oil into the stagnant pools."

"Oh, is that the way!" exclaimed Joe. "I never thought of it before. But I must say, Tom, you are a regular teacher and that is a lesson I will use."

"Very well," concluded Tom, "then I shall give you the motto we used in our campaign against mosquitoes:

"No Standing Water—No Breeding Places,
"No Breeding Places—No Mosquitoes."

—H. A. JOEL.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the main point in this story? 2. Tell three facts about mosquitoes gained from reading this story. 3. In what ways may we rid ourselves of mosquitoes? 4. Find out, if possible, whether this experiment has been tried on a large scale.

DON'T CROWD

See if you can't find a better name for this story. By vote of the class, decide upon a fitting title. Find the humorous part of the story. By vote of the class, decide which member can tell it best.

George Davis was the proud owner of a green parrot which his uncle had sent him from South America. For the time being, his chief interest was in parrots. He talked parrots, and read everything he could find about parrots and their habits.

George learned that there are hundreds of different kinds or species of parrots; that they are found in the warm countries all over the world; and that they have the most beautiful plumage of all birds. Not all kinds can be taught to speak, he read, but the gray and green species are the most easily trained. He read all the stories he could find about parrots and their ways. He even made up a list of the words other parrots had been taught to utter, hoping in this way to help his pet acquire a speaking vocabulary. He was happy to think that some day perhaps his young pet might speak.

George's father was the owner of a motion picture theater and had his office near the entrance.

Here George kept his pet. The Davis theater was a popular place, and often the big lobby was crowded with people waiting to be admitted. Sometimes the large boys forgot their good manners, when the doors were thrown open, and jostled and crowded people in their wild scramble to enter first and get the best seats.

At such times Mr. Davis would call out, "Don't crowd, gentlemen. One at a time, please." These words he repeated over and over as often as the need arose.

By and by, Poll learned to say them, and often amused people in the lobby by calling out, "Don't crowd, gentlemen. One at a time, please."

Of course the cry of the parrot greatly pleased the boys; and there was often a strong suspicion that the boys began crowding on purpose to make the bird speak. At any rate, the parrot policeman did not hesitate to reprove the boys for their ill manners.

Poll's home was in a cage which hung from a hook in the ceiling. Here he was safe and out of the way. But one day George had taken the cage down to clean and had left it on the table while he stepped out to speak to some boys. He did not ask himself whether or not Puss and Poll were good friends; in fact, he never gave Poll a second thought, but hurried out to the street.

In a few minutes he was startled by wild screams coming from the direction of the office.

He suspected something was wrong with Poll and ran in to see what had happened. When he opened the door, there was Puss mauling poor Poll and pulling out his beautiful feathers by the handful, and all the poor bird could say was, "Don't crowd! One at a time, please."

—*H. J. Alva.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Ask one good question on each paragraph. 2. Which makes the joke? 3. Word Study: Fill in words from the story.

_____of parrots

_____plumage

_____of a moving picture theater

THINGS TO DO

1. Read in other books about parrots. 2. Write up some funny incident in which a parrot is the principal character.



A TEST FOR STARCH

Iodine is found in sea water and is made from the ashes of seaweed. It may be bought at a drug store in either solid or liquid form. Sometimes it is important to know whether certain foods contain starch. A simple way to find out is to apply the iodine test.

Fill a quart jar, or a large bottle, with water and add a half teaspoonful of iodine or a small piece of iodine. There will be no great change in the color of the water, but if some of the water is poured over a substance containing starch, something interesting will take place.

Pour into two tumblers a little of the iodine water. Scrape a raw potato and put some of the potato juice into one of the tumblers. What happens? Mix a little flour and water together, and put a teaspoonful of this into the other tumbler. What happens? Other foods, such as bread, corn meal, bean soup, milk, etc., may be tested in the same way.

With mother's consent, test a number of foods at home for starch, and bring your list to school.

—*Simple Experiments.*



THE QUAIL FAMILY

Problem: Find out how Mother Nature protects the quail and other birds from view and from danger.

Down by a brush heap, near the edge of the woods, was the home of a happy family of quails. The father's name was "Bob White." Morning after morning when the dew was on the grass and clover he used to call out, "Bob White! Bob White!" to please his children; then they would lift their pretty heads and try to say, "Bob White! Bob White!" just as he did.

When Mr. and Mrs. Bob White went to house-keeping, they wasted no time looking for empty houses, but built a home to suit themselves and when it was finished it was just exactly what they needed.

Before the little quails were hatched, Mrs. Bob White didn't like to stay at home all the time to keep the eggs warm, so Bob White used to take

her place while she went walking. One day when he was on the nest taking care of the pretty eggs, a man came out to take a picture of their pretty home. Bob White never thought of such a thing as having his picture taken, and was so afraid the man would harm the eggs that he ruffled up his feathers until he looked very fierce and wouldn't leave the nest. Nothing could have pleased the man better, so he took Bob White's picture, nest and all.

The quails had plenty of neighbors—there were meadow larks, ground sparrows, blackbirds, and ever so many other folks living near them. Sometimes the little quails would run away and peep into the neighbors' houses; but if their mother called them, they ran home ever so fast.

The baby quails wondered why crows have homes in the very tree tops. They thought all birds ought to live on the ground. Then, too, they couldn't understand why crows say, "Caw! caw! caw!" all the time instead of "Bob White" once in a while.

It is an old fashion among quails to wear brown. Bob White wore a beautiful wood-brown coat and a light-colored vest trimmed with black. Close beneath his chin he wore a spreading white neck-tie. His white-bordered cap he pulled down so tight on his head that from a little distance he seemed to have a line of white, over his eyes, reaching down to his neck.

Mrs. Bob White didn't care for so much trimming, but her dress was the same wood-brown color with a full front of buff and a fluffy white bow under her chin.

Brown is the best color for quails. If they wore black and white like the bobolinks that sing so gayly in the meadows, or wore bright caps like the red-headed woodpeckers, it wouldn't be safe for them to walk through the fields as they do now.

The humming birds wear green, because in a green dress they are not easily seen against the green leaves of bushes and trees. All the birds in bright coats, like the red birds, perch on the highest tree tops away from the danger of being seen by anyone that might harm them.

The bird families do not simply happen to wear what they do, but the One who clothed them, carefully planned the colors for all. Bob White's coat was planned with such thought and care that a man might almost walk over him without knowing it. Clothed in the color of dead leaves and the ground, it is no wonder he is not seen either in the sparkling sunshine of summer or the dull, dark days of autumn.

One day when Mrs. Bob White and the children were out walking in the meadow, they saw a man coming with a gun. The wise mother bird told the children to run and hide under the leaves. They didn't stop to ask why, but minded the moment she spoke.

Catching sight of Mrs. Bob White so near him, the man was just going to shoot her when he noticed that she seemed lame. Sure enough, away went Mrs. Bob White, dragging one foot behind her on the ground as though she were badly hurt.

The man dropped his gun thinking he could easily catch her, but when he tried to do so, she went a little faster, flying away at last, so that he gave her up.

After the man had gone, the mother bird called her scattered children together, and a merry time they had on the way home. Bob White said that perhaps if the man with the gun only knew how much good the quail families do on the farm, eating insects, and weed seeds, he wouldn't think of shooting one. He told the children not to forget that all men are not alike and some are very kind to birds.

Bob White often told his children stories, and one they never tired of hearing was about the long, cold winter, when he and their mother nearly starved, until they went to live in the hen house with the hens.

If ever you go to the woods and want to meet some interesting folks, stop and visit Bob White and his family.

—*Margaret E. Fox.*

Courtesy A. S. Barnes Co.

Other Selections: Read about the Quail in *The World Book*, and other reference books.

MOLLY PITCHER

This is a very odd name for a woman. When you have found out how she came to have the name, rise quietly in your seat. You will next be given two minutes to finish the story and one minute to answer the questions by *yes* or *no*.

It was a curious old shop, full of pretty toys, candies, and notions. The keeper was a stout, old woman with white, wavy hair and with gray-blue eyes that peered out through an old-fashioned pair of eyeglasses.

Several chairs, arranged about the stove in the center of the shop, invited the customers to stop awhile and visit. Indeed, this old shop was a favorite meeting place for the inhabitants of the village. Almost any winter evening the circle would be filled, and the choicest jokes and funny stories told for the entertainment of one another. In this form of entertainment, Mrs. Molly McCauley, "Aunt Molly," as her friends called the shop-keeper, was one of the best.

Jay and Jane Adams dropped in one day to buy some stick candy. They knew about Aunt Molly's fondness for children and her love of storytelling. They also knew that Aunt Molly was a heroine at the time of the Revolutionary War.

Would Aunt Molly tell them her experience? They would make bold to ask her.

"Please, Aunt Molly," began Jay, "would you mind telling us about your experience in the war?"

"Mind telling you, honey? Indeed no. I love to talk to children. Just take chairs there and I'll join you in a minute," replied Aunt Molly, putting the candy jars back on the shelf.

"It was this way: I was young and strong, when I married my John, and felt equal to anything. Well, we hadn't been married long when the war broke out and John became a gunner in a company of artillery.

"I was proud of John, of course, and willing he should serve his country, but I wasn't willing to stay at home and do nothing; besides, there was no good reason why I should. I said to myself, 'If putting on a uniform makes a soldier out of my husband, why shouldn't it make a soldier out of his wife?' I tried it, and was allowed to join my husband.

"All went well for several weeks. I helped about the camp and did what I could to make the men comfortable.

"One day, General Washington, Commander-in-chief of our army, received word that General Clinton, the British Commander, was planning to withdraw his army from Philadelphia and march through New Jersey to New York. It was a bold

stroke, and General Washington resolved to attack the British and head them off, if possible.

“It was Sunday morning, June 28, 1778, when our forces came upon the British at Monmouth Court House, New Jersey. The day was hot—fearfully hot—and the soldiers were ordered to fight with their coats off. It was hard work, too. Our battery poured shells into the British lines as fast as the guns could be loaded and fired.

“I looked about for water. Some distance behind our gunners was a spring, and I grabbed a pitcher, the only vessel I could find, and ran to fetch water for the thirsty men. When they saw me coming, they shouted, ‘Hurrah for Molly and her pitcher!’ and then and there, I was nicknamed ‘Molly Pitcher.’

“Well, the fight went on and I kept on carrying water for the gunners. Suddenly the enemy cavalry charged our guns. It was a furious struggle, and when the charge was over, my John was no more.

“For a moment I was stunned. As I knelt there, holding his lifeless hand, I heard an officer say, ‘Wheel back the gun! There is no one here to fire it.’

“‘I’m here!’ I shrieked. ‘I’ll fire it. Come on!’ and without waiting for a reply, I took my husband’s place at the gun and fired it for the rest of the battle.

“At last the tide turned; the British gave way

and our army was victorious. A mighty shout went up all along the battle line. I was able to shout with the others, in spite of my loss, for I felt that I had done a man's part to win the victory.

"In a short time the news of my deed spread along the lines. Everywhere I appeared, the men shouted, 'Hurrah for Molly Pitcher!'

"The next day the story of my doings had reached General Washington, and he gave orders for me to come to his headquarters. As I stepped into the presence of the great general, I was too confused to speak. But it wasn't my place to speak. General Washington spoke to me, praised my heroism and said that if he had a whole army of such soldiers, he could whip the British in a week. Then he gave me that commission in yonder frame as sergeant in his army.

"As I tramped back to camp, cheer after cheer greeted me from ten thousand lusty throats, 'Hurrah for Sergeant Molly Pitcher!'

The story was interrupted at this point by other customers coming in, and Jay and Jane took their leave.

When Jay and Jane reached home, they told Molly's story to their mother. That evening they talked about the things they could do to help their country. They decided that little things as well as great deeds win wars.

That was over one hundred years ago and this

story has been repeated thousands and thousands of times. In memory of this brave woman's deed, a monument was erected in Cumberland County bearing this inscription:

MOLLY McCAULEY
Renowned in History as Molly Pitcher
The Heroine of Monmouth
Died January, 1823,
Aged 79 years

—*Peter Wright.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Did the keeper of the shop have brown eyes? 2. Did she wear eyeglasses? 3. Was the shop heated by a fireplace? 4. Did Aunt Molly fight in Germany? 5. Was Aunt Molly an old woman when she fought in the war? 6. Was the battle fought in winter or summer? 7. Did John live to see the battle won? 8. Were the British victorious? 9. Did General Washington hear of Molly's deed? 10. Did this happen three hundred years ago?

WORD STUDY

a curious old shop
arranged about the stove
a favorite meeting place
inhabitants of the village
choicest jokes and stories
this form of entertainment
Aunt Molly's fondness for
children
her experience

they would make bold
felt equal to anything
decided to attack
our battery poured shells
charged our guns
the charge was over
the tide turned
the battle line
too confused

THE SMALLEST SOLDIER OF ALL

What other name might have been given to this story? Read it through and give it another name. Try writing a class poem about "The Smallest Soldier of All." Decide first upon the number of lines to have in each stanza and which lines you wish to have rhyme.

Mignon was her name. She was a small, fuzzy-haired little dog with round, black eyes and restless tail. She could walk on her hind legs, shake hands, and do other cunning tricks. And now she was a soldier of France.

She had left a very pleasant home in the country, where she had been the pet of the whole household, to come to this training camp for dogs behind the fighting line. Her new master was a kind soldier in blue, who spent much of his time patiently teaching her new tricks.

First, she had to get used to the noise of the big guns. Then she must learn to crouch close to the ground or hide in a deep hole when a shell screamed. Most important of all, she had to be taught to go swiftly from one place to another with a message in a little pouch which was tied around her neck.

One morning, before daybreak, as little Mignon was dreaming pleasantly, she heard her master's voice calling:

"Come, Mignon. You and I must fight this day for France."

With a glad little cry she sprang up and followed him as his regiment marched to the firing line. The battle was terrible, but she never left her master's side.

At last word came that the German guns had destroyed the French telephone wires. Unless the French commander could get a message to his men on the other side of the field, the battle would be lost.

"That is easy," said Mignon's master as he patted her head, "here is a brave little messenger." When the pouch with the message was securely fastened to her neck, Mignon's master whispered in her ear: "Go, little Mignon. I know you will not fail. Have I not taught you myself? Go! you fight for France!"

Off she darted. The soldiers watched her run swiftly for a few yards and then crouch as a shell burst overhead. Once they thought she had been killed by a German gun, but, when the smoke lifted, they saw her far in the distance, dodging and running forward. At last, she arrived safely with the precious message. The day was won for France!

Later, Mignon's regiment marched before the great general to be honored for bravery. And Mignon was there. She, too, was given a "Cross of War." "For," said the soldiers, "if it had not been for Mignon, we could not have won."

—*National School Service.*

QUESTIONS

1. Describe this "little soldier of France." 2. What did she learn at the training camp? 3. How did Mignon fight for France? 4. What brave thing did Mignon do? 5. What did she receive as a reward for bravery? 6. Why was this story written?

Other Selections: The St. Bernard Dogs, MOUFFLAU; *Story Hour*, C. S. BAILEY; *Stories of Cats and Dogs*, JOHONNET; *Stories of Brave Dogs*, Retold from *St. Nicholas*; *Other Soldiers*, SANFORD and OWEN.

DICTIONARY DRILL

Arrange the following words in alphabetical order:

France	pleasant	soldier	country
fuzzy	pet	spent	cunning
fighting	patiently	screamed	crouch
from	place	shell	close
followed	pouch	swiftly	commander
firing	patted	smoke	distance
fastened	precious	small	dodging

THE BEAVER PATROL

Girls and boys sometimes find it difficult to choose a suitable name for their club. Read and find out how a suitable name was suggested to a group of boys while out camping. Learn, also, how the name was chosen. If your class were to choose a motto, how would you proceed? What is a majority?

“Come on, fellows,” said Tom, “let’s take a swim. We’ll feel fresh and rested after a good dip in the pool.”

Dinner was over, and the boys were lying on the grass or lounging about the tent. They were only waiting for some one to suggest something to do. Tom’s suggestion was therefore greeted with a shout, and the whole troop started on the run for the swimming pool.

There were ten boys in the camping party—ten boys in one large tent! Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Dick’s parents, occupied another tent and looked after the “eats.” Dick, both by reason of his size and age, and especially because of his knowledge of woodcraft, was considered the leader.

After the boys had tired of swimming and had gathered on the bank, Dick consented to show the boys some fancy strokes. Placing his hands on his thighs and using only his feet, he swam back

and forth before the wondering eyes of his mates.

"Gee!" exclaimed Bill, "where did you learn to swim that way?"

"Oh," replied Dick, "I learned that stroke from watching the beavers. Their front paws are very small so they depend entirely upon their hind ones in swimming. Their hind feet are webbed, like a duck's, clear down to the toe nails. It's a pretty sight to see a beaver swim. He glides through the water as smoothly as an eel, leaving scarcely a ripple behind him. His front feet are held close to his sides, the head partly above water, and his nose points straight to the front door of his house."

"Do beavers have houses?" asked Bill. "I thought they just had a hole in the ground."

"A beaver's house is more than a hole in the ground," said Dick. "He is the most intelligent builder I know among all the animals. His house is not only large and roomy, but it's well-made and well-carpeted with leaves and moss. It has two stories. The upper rooms are built six or eight feet above the water. He is a wise animal, and seems to know just how high to build to keep his home above the spring freshets. He builds it strong, too, so as to keep out his enemies. Mr. Wolf is very fond of beaver meat, but he isn't fond of work; he doesn't care to burrow six or eight feet into the earth for a dinner. The beaver knows this and builds his house accordingly.

"Where did you learn so much about beavers?" asked Joe. "You talk like a woodsman."

"Well, I learned most of it first hand," answered Dick. "I come up here with father a great deal and often steal up to the beavers' village to see what they are doing."

"Oh!" broke in a chorus of voices, "can't we see them, too?"

"Yes," said Dick, "I've planned to show you the beaver village and dam. If you like, we can go up there this afternoon."

"Hooray!" shouted the boys, "let's go. Lead off, Dick. We follow."

Half running and half walking, the boys followed Dick along the footpath bordering the creek to the beaver village.

"You must be careful now, boys," said Dick. "They are wary creatures and the least noise will send them scurrying to their holes. If they once suspect that we are anywhere near, our trip will be useless. Those big, bright eyes can spot us long before we catch a glimpse of them. Now is the time for you boys to show what you know of woodcraft and follow me as silently as a band of Indians.

Thus cautioned, the boys fell in behind Dick in single file. They walked carefully so as to avoid stepping upon sticks, and spoke only in a whisper. In a few moments they came in sight of the creek which, at this point in the woods, was per-

haps one hundred feet wide. They halted and looked about. Just below them, the progress of the stream had been checked by what seemed at first sight to be a narrow bridge extending from one bank to the other. It was about three feet wide and perfectly smooth.

Dick whispered a word of explanation; he said the beavers build their dams just wide enough to pass each other comfortably in going to and fro; that the dam widens out, like the letter A, below the surface of the water; and that it was probably twelve feet through at the bottom.

The boys could plainly see that the dam was not straight across from shore to shore, but was bowed upstream at the middle. Dick said that was to make the dam stronger, but just why this was true, the beavers knew better than he did. At any rate, the dam was strong and durable, and the pond extended several hundred feet upstream without a ripple.

“Beavers prefer a still pond,” said Dick. “If the current is strong or the surface of the pond becomes ruffled, they seem to think that danger may be lurking near, and that they will be better off inside their houses with their families.

“The base of the dam,” he continued, “was formed of young saplings and branches of trees that had been cut by the beavers’ teeth and planted as piles. Between these they had woven blades of grass and strips of bark so as to hold the

branches straight and to form a foundation for the mason work which was coming next. These wise little builders knew perfectly well the force of the current, and were determined to do a good job while they were about it.

"They made mortar from the gravel and clay on the bank of the stream, using their broad, flat tails as a trowel for mixing. They must have made thousands of trips from the mortar bed to the dam before they had covered over the frame work with a solid wall of masonry. They gave the wall a gradual slant, slapping the mud down with their tails to make the wall strong and solid."

While the boys were looking open-eyed at this specimen of the beavers' work, Dick suddenly glanced up and whispered, "Sh, here they come! Now keep perfectly still, boys, and you will see something worth while."

From one of the mound-like houses up the stream, a large beaver came out and slowly and cautiously looked about before he left the safety of his own home. His body was nearly two feet long and, with his large flat tail, he had a total length of three feet. His nose was blunt, his ears small, and his eyes wonderfully bright and intelligent. He carefully scanned the banks and surface of the stream and, satisfied of his own safety, at length began to paddle slowly towards the dam.

Something in its appearance must have alarmed him, for suddenly he lifted his tail and struck it

several times against the side of the dam. At the sound, as though it were a signal, two or three other beavers came out of their houses and rapidly swam toward him. They swam towards a point on the farther side, where the boys could see that a little stream was trickling through the dam and falling to the lower level of the creek below.

In an instant all were busy, although there was no confusion. They acted as though they were used to work and each knew just what to do. Two of them swam to the bank and began to tear with their sharp teeth at some slender saplings. It was astonishing to see how quickly they gnawed through a sapling and how cautiously they stepped to one side when it fell. Then, pulling the young tree to the edge of the bank, they plunged into the water and dragged it to the leak in the dam. Here two or three others grabbed the branches in their teeth and tugged and pulled until they finally succeeded in getting the branches wedged into the opening.

Meantime, one member of the crew had gone to the clay bank and had begun to prepare the mortar. He began by mixing clay and gravel together, at times flinging water on the mass with his tail and then pounding it until the mud mortar was just right for his purpose. Then gathering up as much as he could carry between his front paws and his chin, and with head held well out of the water, he swam to where the others were work-

ing, laid down his mortar, and returned for more. Others soon joined the lone hod carrier and soon there was mortar enough on the dam to close up the leak.

About the time the chief mason was giving the finishing touches to his work, slapping and beating the mud down smooth with his tail, one of the boys snapped a twig, when presto! the whole crew disappeared as if by magic.

"It's all over!" shouted Dick. "That ends the show for this afternoon and there will be no evening performance. We might as well go back to camp."

Of course, poor Tom felt guilty and said he was sorry for breaking up the show. He would have been willing to be severely punished, but the boys knew his misstep was merely an accident, such as might have happened to any of them, and so excused his conduct and said no more about it.

That evening the conversation was all about beavers: their homes, their families, food, habits, and the uses of their skins.

Dick said that beavers were somewhat like scouts: they were sociable fellows, lived in villages, and always worked together.

That gave Tom an idea. "Fellows," he began, "we have been talking of forming a Boy Scout troop when we are all twelve years old. I have an idea. It just came to me while Dick was talking. Since the beavers are such good workers and set

us such a good example, I move that we call our troop 'The Beaver Patrol.' "

The motion was carried, and the proper steps taken to form "The Beaver Patrol."

—*The Scout Master.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What fancy strokes did Dick show the boys? 2. Do you believe that Dick could have learned how to swim by watching the beavers? 3. How does a beaver swim? 4. Does the wolf get very much beaver meat to eat? 5. Would you take a six year old boy along to watch beavers at work. 6. Describe the way beavers build a dam. 7. Why do beavers have flat tails? 8. Why are their front paws small? 9. How do you know that beavers are good workers? 10. How did the beavers stop the leak in their dam?

A COMPLETION EXERCISE

Fill in the blank spaces using the proper word selected from the story.

1. The boys were —— about the tent.
2. Dick's plan was —— with a shout.
3. The beaver —— through the water as smoothly as an ——.
4. In swimming, he does not make even a ——.
5. The floor of the beaver's house is —— with leaves and ——.
6. They walked —— along a footpath —— the creek.
7. When the beaver came out, he carefully —— the banks.
8. The —— of the stream had been —— by a dam.
9. The —— of the dam was wider than the top.
10. It is formed of slender —— cut down by the beavers.

A SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

Robinson Crusoe is the story of a sailor who was shipwrecked on a lonely island where he lived for about thirty years before he was rescued. Of the ship's crew of eleven men only he survived the terrible storm. The ship was driven upon a sandbar and later, dashed to pieces by the waves, but not before Crusoe had succeeded in bringing by raft most of the food, clothing, and tools from the wrecked ship to the island.

Suppose you were shipwrecked upon a lonely island; suppose all of your friends on board were lost at sea, and suppose no ship came that way for years and years, what would you do? Read this part of the story taken from Robinson Crusoe to find out what he did. I hope you will want to read the whole book which tells you how he spent his days and years, and how he finally returned home again. Robinson Crusoe kept a diary, from which we read:

“In search of a proper place for my tent, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill. I looked about and discovered a hollow place, like the entrance to a cave. Here I decided to pitch my tent.

“Before I set up my tent I drew a half circle sixty feet across before the hollow place. In this half circle I set two rows of stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm.

“Then I took the pieces of rope, which I had cut from the ship, and laid them in rows, one upon another within these two rows of stakes up to the top. This fence was about five and a half feet high and was so strong that neither man nor beast could get through it or over it. The entrance I made to be not by door, but by a short ladder over the top.

“Into this fence or fortress, with much labor, I brought all my riches, all my tools, my provisions, ammunition and stores. I must not forget to mention that we had in the ship a dog and two cats, which I brought into the tent with me.

“After I had been there about ten or twelve days, it came into my mind that I should lose my reckoning of time for want of books and pen and ink, and should even forget the Sabbath days for the working days.

“To prevent this, I made a great cross, and I cut with my knife upon it in large letters:

“ ‘I CAME ON SHORE HERE ON THE THIRTIETH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1659.’

“I then set it up on the shore where I first landed.

“Upon the sides of this square post I cut a notch every day, with my knife, and every seventh was as long again as the rest, and every first day of the month as long again as that long one. Thus I kept my calendar, or weekly, monthly, and yearly reckoning of time.

“In managing my household affairs, I found myself in need of many things, which it was impossible for me to make. However, I made many things without proper tools. For example, if I wanted a board, I had no other way but to cut down a tree, set it on edge before me, and hew it flat on either side with my ax, till I had brought it to be as thin as a plank, and then smooth it with my adze. By this method, it is true, I could make but one board out of a whole tree and at a cost of a deal of time and labor. But my time and labor was of little worth, so it was as well employed one way as another.

“When I had wrought out some boards, I made large shelves of the width of a foot and a half, one above another, all along one side of my cave, on which to lay my tools, nails, and iron-work.

“I was at a great loss for candles; so that as soon as ever it was dark, which was generally by seven o’clock, I was obliged to go to bed. The only remedy I had was, that when I killed a goat, I saved the tallow; and with a little clay dish, which I baked in the sun, I added a wick and made me a lamp. This gave me a light, though not a clear steady light like a candle.

““I had now been on this unhappy island about ten months. All hope of escape was taken from me, and I firmly believed no other human being had ever set foot upon the place. Thinking thus, I desired to see more of the island. Accordingly,

I set out on a little journey which took me from home several days. I came upon a large patch of grapes which I gathered, some to eat and some to dry in the sun. These latter made excellent raisins.

“On my way home I killed a small goat. The next day I found a very large turtle with twenty-four eggs in her, which was a treat to me—the eggs were.

“My meals now were thus: for breakfast I ate a bunch of raisins; for my dinner, a piece of goat’s flesh or some of the turtle broiled (I had no vessel in which to boil or stew anything) and for supper, two or three of the turtle’s eggs.

“I sat within doors during the wet months and employed my time doing many things. I tried many ways to make myself a basket. When a boy, I used to take great delight in watching a basket maker, in the town where my father lived, to see him make wicker ware; and sometimes lending a hand. I had by this means so full a knowledge of the methods that I wanted nothing but the materials.

“On one of my journeys I came upon a great quantity of willow twigs. I cut down an armful with my hatchet and carried them to my home. When they were dry and fit to use, I employed myself in making (as well as I could) a great many baskets for corn, etc. Thereafter I took care never to be without them.

“Another time I saw many parrots, and fain would I have caught one and taught it to speak to me. At length I did catch a young one, for I knocked it down with a stick and brought it home.

“Within doors, when it rained, I amused myself by talking to my parrot and teaching him to speak. I quickly taught him to know his own name and to speak it out loud, ‘Poll.’ That was the first word I ever heard spoken on the island by any other mouth but my own.

“My next concern was to get me a stone mortar to stamp or beat some corn in. After a great deal of time lost in searching for a stone, I gave it up and decided to look for a great block of wood, which I found indeed much easier.

“Getting a block as large as I was able to stir, I rounded it on the outside with my ax and hatchet; then, with the help of fire, I made a hollow place in it, as the Indians made their canoes. After this I made a great pestle, or beater, of ironwood. These I laid by until my next crop of corn, when I proposed to grind or pound my corn into meal to make my bread.

“Next, I made three small sieves to sift the meal through, out of some muslin saved from the ship.

“The baking part was the next thing to be considered. I had no oven with which to bake. At length I found an experiment for that also. I made some earthen vessels very broad, but not

more than nine inches deep. These I burnt in the fire, as I had my pots, and laid them by.

“When I wanted to bake I made a great fire upon the hearth which I had made of square tiles.

“When the firewood was burnt almost into embers, I drew them upon this hearth, so as to cover it all over. There I let them lie until the hearth was very hot, then, sweeping them all away, I set down my barley-loaves and put the earthen vessels over them.

“Thus I baked my barley-loaves and became a pastry cook in the bargain, for I made myself several cakes of rice and puddings.

“In this manner I lived from year to year. If I wanted a new pot, I had but to burn it. If I wanted food, I had but to get it. Everything on the island was mine for the using, and no one to say me nay.”

—Adapted From Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read until you find out:
 - a. Who the shipwrecked sailor was.
 - b. How many of the crew were lost.
 - c. How long he lived on the island.
 - d. Whether he had saved anything from the wreck.
 - e. How we know anything about his life on the island.
2. Read carefully what he tells about making his home. Make a picture showing just what he did to make his home safe and comfortable.
3. Read the next three paragraphs and give a name to this

part of the story. Find two points which prove that your name is a good one.

4. Read the rest of the story and make a list of Robinson Crusoe's inventions. Outline each one, as:

Robinson Crusoe, A Basket Maker.

- a. How he learned to make baskets.
- b. Where he found his materials.
- c. How he prepared them for use.

TO A BUTTERFLY

I've watched you now a full half hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little butterfly, indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless! not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!
This plot of orchard ground is ours;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song;
And summer days when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

—William Wordsworth.

A GIRL'S OWN ROOM

Happy is the girl or boy who has a room in the house which he can call his own. Happy is the mother whose son and daughter have learned to care for their own rooms. The following rules should teach you how to take good care of your room—how to keep it neat and orderly, as every good housekeeper should.

When you get up in the morning spread the bed clothes over the foot of the bed to air. If need be, set a chair at the end to keep the bedding off the floor. Open the windows, if in winter, and close the door, when you leave to prevent cooling off the rest of the house.

After breakfast, when the room has been aired thoroughly, close the windows and make up the bed neatly. Turn the mattress at least once a week and lay the pad smooth and straight upon it. Always arrange the sheets with the wide hem towards the head of the bed and the seamless side toward the sleeper. Tuck the lower sheet in firmly at head and foot, and the upper one in securely at the foot so that it will not pull out. Be careful to smooth out all wrinkles in both sheets and blanket. Turn the upper sheet back at the head over the blanket edge so as to protect the sleeper's face. Next, lay the spread on smoothly over all. Tuck

it in along the sides or let it hang down, according to the kind of bed. Lastly shake up the pillows and lay them smoothly in place.

Have a place for everything and keep everything in place. Hang up your clothing in the closet. Put away your shoes and arrange anything about the room which may have been left in disorder. Make the closet tidy each day and then it will seldom need a thorough overhauling. Put your dresser drawers in neat order and keep your belongings in place by means of open boxes which will fit into the drawer and separate handkerchiefs from gloves and other things. It is easier to keep the dresser tidy than to set it to rights only now and then.

Arrange things neatly on your dresser and do not leave pins, brush and comb, and other things lying about.

Boys should learn to care for their rooms as well as girls. The best place to learn and practice order and neatness is in one's own room.

Go over the furniture once or twice a week with a dusting cloth. A room that is well cared for is very attractive and inviting even though plain. And remember that your own room is your "home in your home."

THINGS To Do

1. Make an outline of the main points.
2. Reread the selection, keeping in mind additional points not mentioned in your outline.
3. Rewrite your outline, adding new points.

WORD STUDY

Note to Pupil: The one reference book which you, as a pupil, will use most frequently is the dictionary. The Word List below is a sort of small dictionary, and is intended to teach you how to use the large reference book. Only the more difficult words of The Fourth Reader are given. The correct pronunciation is indicated by the spelling inside the parenthesis. Your teacher will explain to you how to get the sound and the accent from this spelling. Many words have several meanings. In this Word List only the meaning used in this book is given. For other meanings, see the large dictionary.

KEY TO SOUNDS

ā as in <i>ate</i>	a as in <i>all</i>	ī as in <i>it</i>	ū as in <i>but</i>
ă as in <i>at</i>	ē as in <i>eve</i>	ō as in <i>vote</i>	ū as in <i>churn</i>
â as in <i>dare</i>	ě as in <i>set</i>	ǒ as in <i>not</i>	ŷ as in <i>lily</i>
ā as in <i>arm</i>	ē as in <i>fern</i>	ô as in <i>for</i>	oo as in <i>boot</i>
â as in <i>ask</i>	ī as in <i>find</i>	ū as in <i>use</i>	oo as in <i>foot</i>
	ou as in <i>out</i>	oi as in <i>oil</i>	

a

adventures (ăd-vĕn'tûrs), an exciting venture
advertise (ăd-vĕr-tîz'), to show, to publish
Allegheny (ăl-ĕ-gă'nĭ), a range of
 * mountains in Pennsylvania
annoyed (ăn-noid'), teased or disturbed
antelopes (ăn'tĕ-lōps), an animal of the deer family
antennae (ăn-tĕn'nĕ), the feelers of an insect
anxiously (ăn'kshŭs-lĭ), eager to see, restless
applause (ăp-plăz'), hand-clapping
apprentice (ăp-prĕn'tîs), a beginner at a trade
aquarium (ă-kwă'rĭ-ŭm), a tank for holding water animals

b

balsam (bal'sam), a cone-bearing tree
banquet (băn'kwĕt), a great feast
bellows (bĕl'lŭs), a machine for blowing air under a fire
bias (bĭ'as), a slant
bicycle (bĭ'sĭ-k'l), a two-wheeled velocipede
bolsters (bōl'stĕrs), a cross piece to hold the box on a wagon
bow (bou), the front end of a boat
brilliant (brĭl'yant), of a very bright color
Brugg (brŭg), a Swiss village

c

caravan (căr'a-văn), a train of camels
cargoes (căr'gōz), goods shipped by water

challenge (chäl'lenj), to dispute a statement

chariot (châr'î-ôt), a two-wheeled vehicle drawn by four horses abreast

Cheviots (chěv'î-ûts), a Scotch breed of sheep

chiseling (chîz'el-ing), cutting as with a chisel

commission (kôm-mîsh'ûn), a paper showing an officer's rank in the army

community (kôm-mû'nî-tÿ), the people living in a given place

corals (kôr'âls), the stony remains of sea animals

corrals (kôr-râls'), sheep folds

costumes (kôs'tûms), clothing worn by the performers

courtyard (kôrt'yârd), a dooryard

craftsman (krâfts'man), a member of a trade or craft

crannies (krân'nîz), little cracks in the bark

creatures (krē'tûrs), animals, created things

crystals (krîs'tals), the form water and other liquids take when changed into solids

curiosity (kû-rî-ôs'î-tÿ), a relic, or object of interest

cypress (sî'prēs), a cone-bearing tree

D

defenders (de-fënd'ers), soldiers

devoured (dē-vourd'), eaten greedily

disturbance (dîs-tûrb'ance), disorder, trouble

dizziness (dîz'zî-ness), unsteady, confusion

E

ebony (ěb'ō-ny), a very hard, black wood

embroidered (ēm-broid'ērd), ornamented with needlework

engineer (ěn-jî-nēr'), a man in charge of an engine

evaporation (ē-văp-ō-ră'shûn), the process of driving off the water, leaving the sugar

F

frontier (frôn-tēr'), the border of the settled part of a country

G

girdle (gēr'dl), to gnaw a ring around a tree

gorgeous (gôr'jûs), showy, fine

government (gôv'ēr-n-ment), the place where laws are made and enforced

gratified (grăt'î-fîd), pleased, satisfied

grist (grîst), the meal after the grain is ground

H

Henri (hě'n-ry), French for Henry

heroine (hěr'ō-în), a girl or woman hero

hickory (hîck'ō-ry), a nut bearing tree

historic (hîs-tôr'îc), a place with a history

homesteaders (hôm'stēd-ers), early settlers on homesteads

I

improvements (îm-prûv'ments), changes for the better

inscription (în-scrîp'shûn), the words on a monument

iodine (î'ō-dēn), a dark blue crystal

k

Kaio (kī'ō), a boy's name in Japan
Keokuk (kē'ō-kūk), a city in Iowa
kerosene (kēr'ō-sēn), oil used in lamps
kimono (kī-mō'nō), a form of dress in Japan

l

lagoons (lā-gōōns'), shallow lakes along the river
larvae (lār'vē), young mosquitoes, wrigglers
leisurely (lē'zhūr-lŷ), not hurried
locomotive (lō-cō-mō'tiv), a railroad engine
Los Angeles (lōs āng'el-ēs), "city of the angels" in southern California
luggage (lŭg'gāge), a traveler's hand baggage

m

magazines (măg'ā-zēns), pamphlets published weekly or monthly
magnifying (măg'nī-fi-ing), making very large
mahogany (mā-hōg'ā-nŷ), a dark red wood
Malay (mā-lā'), people of the Malay peninsula
mascot (măs'cōt), a pet animal of some sort
mechanic (mē-kăn'ic), one who works with machinery or tools
menagerie (mē-năj'ēr-ŷ), an exhibit of animals
Merinos (mē-rē'nōs), a Spanish breed of sheep
messenger (mēs'sēn-jēr), one who carries a message
migrates (mī'grāts), goes on a journey

Mogul (mō'gŭl), a name given to large locomotives
monarch (mōn'ārċ), a very large red and black butterfly
morsel (mōr'sěl), a small part
mortar (mōr'tēr), a strong vessel in which grain was ground

o

oasis (ō-ā'sīs), a fertile place in a desert
opportunity (öp-pôr-tū'nī-tŷ), a chance to do something
oxygen (oks'ŷ-jěn), a colorless gas

p

partridges (pār'tridg-es), wild fowl
perplexed (pēr-plext'), puzzled
pestle (pēs'l), a heavy stick used in a mortar
phonograph (fō'-nō-grăf), a musical instrument
piles (pils), posts driven into the ground to support the railroad track
pipes (pips), Indian pipes are small plants found in the dark woods
pontoon (pōn-tōōn'), a bridge made of boats
propeller (prō-pěl'lēr), the blades of an airplane

r

ravenous (răv'n-ŷs), greedy
ravine (ră-vēn'), a narrow hollow or gorge in the earth
recollections (rĕċ-ōl-lĕċ'shŷns), what one recalls to mind
refinery (rē-fin'ēr-y), the factory where raw sugar is made into fine sugar
regiment (rĕg'ŷ-ment), several companies of soldiers

revolutionary (rěv-ō-lū'shŭn-ā-rŷ),
unruly, overturning of the govern-
ment

rhinoceros (rī-nōs'ē-rōs), a large
African animal

rotunda (rō-tŭn'dā), a large round
room

route (rōot), a path

R

salmon (sām'ŭn), salmon color, pink-
ish

sanctuary (sānk'tū-ā-ry), a holy place

Sato (sá'tō), a man's name in Japan

Sebattus (sē-bāt'tŭs), an Indian name

scouting (skout'ing), a spying-out
party

seized (sēzd), to lay hold of

serge (sērj), one kind of woolen cloth

sergeant (sār'gent), a petty officer in
the army

species (spē'shēz), kinds of objects

specimen (spēs'ŷ-mēn), one of a kind,
a sample

stationary (stā'shŭn-ā-rŷ), standing
still

stern (stērŋ), the rear end of a boat

subscription (sŭb-scrip'shŭn), an order
for a paper

suspension (sŭs-pēn'shŭn), a hanging
bridge

T

tawny (ta'nŷ), yellowish brown

tepees (tē'pēz), Indian wigwams

territory (tēr'ŷ-tō-ry), our country

thorax (thō'răx), the middle part of
insects

tomahawked (tōm'ā-hawk'd), killed
with a tomahawk

totem (tō'tēm), the pole which told to
what tribe an Indian family be-
longed

treasury (trēzh'ūr-y), a place where
money is kept

truce (trūs), a short time when fight-
ing ceases

tumult (tū'mŭlt), a great shout

tunneling (tŭn'nel-ing), digging a hole
under ground

turban (tŭr'bân), a kind of head-
dress

U

unfettered (ŭn-fēt'tered), free, not tied

V

venison (vĕn'i-son), meat of deer

victim (vic'tim), a captive

victorious (vic-tō'rŷ-ous), pertaining
to a victory

volunteered (vōl-ŭn-tēr'd), offered to
go willingly

W

wampum (wam'pŭm), Indian money

whiffle-trees (whŷf'fle-trēz), the part of
the wagon to which the horse's tugs
are hitched

wilderness (wŷl'der-ness), a wild re-
gion without human inhabitants

wrigglers (rŷg'lĕrs), young mosqui-
toes

wristlets (rŷst'lĕts), ornaments worn
on the wrists

SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH
SLATER & BENTLEY DRIVES
FAIRBANKS, ALASKA

[illegible]

SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH
SLATER & BENTLEY DRIVES
FAIRBANKS, ALASKA

